

The Critic

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The Critic

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Men, Women and Books

THE DEAD have their day in France, but it was not *le jour des morts* when I bethought myself of visiting the grave of Maupassant. I do not care for these crowded "at homes,"—I prefer to pay my respects in solitude. You will not think this remark flippant if you are familiar with French cemeteries, if you know those great family sepulchres, fitted up as with little chapels, through whose doors, crowned with the black cross, you may see the great wax tapers in the candelabra at the altar, the stained-glass windows with the figure of the Madonna and Child, the eikons of Christ, the praying-stools, the vases, the busts or photographs of the deceased—worthy people who not only thought life worth living but death worth dying, and did the one and the other respectably and becomingly. Maupassant lies in one art-quarter of Paris, just as Heinrich Heine lies in the other. The cemetery is off the Boulevard Raspail, within bow-shot of the *ateliers* of Whistler and Bouguereau, overlooked by an imposing statue of M. Raspail, which sets forth that scientific citizen's many virtues and services. He proclaimed Universal Franchise in 1830, he proclaimed the Republic in 1848, and his pedestal now proclaims with equal cocksureness that science is the only religion of the future. "Give me a cell and I will build you up all organized life," cries the statue, and its stony hand seems to wave theatrically as in emulation of the bas-reliefs on its base representing Raspail animating his *camarades* to victory. But alas! *tout fusse, tout casse, tout lasse*, and not all the residents of the Boulevard are aware of the origin of their address. Chateaubriand survives as a steak and Raspail as a Boulevard.

The cemetery Montparnasse is densely populated, and I wandered long without finding the author of "Boule de Suif." It was a wilderness of artificial flowers, great wreaths made of beads. Beads, beads, beads, black or lavender, and even white and yellow, blooming garishly in all sizes on every grave and stone, in strange theatrical sentimentality, complex products of civilization, making death as unnatural as the feverish life of the Boulevards. Sometimes the beaded flowers were protected by glass shades, sometimes they were supplemented by leaden or marble images. Over one grave I found a little porcelain angel, his wings blue as with the cold; and under him last year's angel in melancholy super-session. Elsewhere, most terrible sight of all in this ghastly place, was a white porcelain urn on which were painted a woman's and a man's hand clasped, the graceful feminine fingers in artistic contrast with the scrupulously cuffed male wrist with the motto, "A mon mari, Regrets éternels." Wondering how soon she remarried, I roved gloomily among these arcades of bourgeois beads, these fadeless flowers, these monstrous ever-blacks, relieved to find a touch of humor, as in a colossal wreath ostentatiously inscribed, "A ma belle-mère."

I peeped into the great family tombs, irresistibly reminded of "Lo, the poor Indian," and the tribes who provision their dead; I wondered if the old ghosts ever turn in their graves (as there is plenty of room for them to do) when some daughter of their house makes an imprudent alliance. Do they hold family councils in the chapel, I thought, and lament the growing skepticism of their grandchildren, sighing to see themselves so changed from the photographs in the family album that confronts their hollow orbits? Do they take themselves as seriously in death as they did in life? But they were all scornfully incommunicative. And at last, despairing of discovering the goal of my journeyings, I in-

quired of a guardian in a peaked blue cap and a blue cloak, who informed me that it was in the twenty-sixth section of the other cemetery. Wonderfully precise, red-tape, bureaucratic, symmetrical people, the French, for all their superficial curvetings! I repaired to the other portion of the cemetery, to lose myself again among boundless black beads and endless chapels and funeral urns; and at last I besought another blue-cloaked guardian to show me the grave of Maupassant. "Par ici," he said nonchalantly; and eschewing the gravel walks he took a short cut through a lane of dead maidens—

"What's become of all the gold
Used to hang and brush their bosoms?"—

and, descending an avenue of estimable *pères de famille*, turned the corner of an elegant sepulchre, to which only the most fashionable ghosts could possibly have the entry. Dear, dear, what heart-burnings there must be among the more snobbish shadows of Montparnasse! My guide made me pause and admire, and he likewise insisted on the tribute of my tear before an obelisk to slaughtered soldiers and a handsome memorial to burnt firemen. But perceiving my impatience to arrive at the grave of Maupassant, "Mais, monsieur," he protested, "il n'y a rien d'extraordinaire." "Vraiment!" said I, "c'est là l'extraordinaire." "Rien du tout d'extraordinaire," he repeated doggedly. "Sauf le cadavre," I retorted. He shook his head. "Très pauvre, la tombe," he muttered; "pas du tout riche." Another guardian, wall-eyed, here joined him, and catching the subject of conversation, "Très pauvre," he corroborated compassionately. But he went with us, accompanied by a very lean young Frenchman with a soft felt hat, an over-long frock-coat, tweed trousers and a black alpaca umbrella. He looked like a French translation of some character of Dickens. At last we arrived at the grave. "C'est là!" And both guardians shook their heads dolefully. "Très pauvre!" sighed one. "Rien du tout—rien," sighed the other. And, thank Heaven, they were right. Nothing but green turf and real flowers, and a name and a date on a black cross—the first real grave I had come across. No beads, no tawdry images, nothing but the dignity of death, nothing but "Guy de Maupassant, 6 Juillet, '93," on the cross, and "Guy de Maupassant, 1850-93," at the foot. The shrubs were few, and the flowers were common and frost-bitten; but in that desert of bourgeois beads, the simple green grave stood out in touching sublimity. The great novelist seemed to be as close to the reality of death as he had been to that of life. Those other dead seemed so falsely romanticist. It was a beautiful sunny winter afternoon. There was a feel of spring in the air, of the Resurrection and the Life. Beyond the bare slim branches of the trees of the other cemetery, gracefully etched against the sky, the sun was setting in a beautiful bank of dusky clouds. Life was so alive that day, and death so dead. Outside the tomb the poem of light and air, and inside the tomb—what? I thought of the last words of "Une Vie," that fine novel which even Tolstoi considers great, of the old servant's summing-up:—"La vie, voyez-vous, ça n'est jamais si bon ni si mauvais qu'on croit." "Perhaps," thought I, "'tis the same with death." "The Société des Gens de Lettres had to buy the ground for him," interrupted the wall-eyed guardian compassionately. The Dickensy Frenchman heaved a great sigh. "Vous croyez!" he said. "Yes," asseverated the other guardian—"he has it in perpetuity." Ignorant of the customs of death, I wondered if one's corpse were liable to eviction, and whether the statute of limitations ought not to apply. "Je pensais qu'il avait

une certaine position," observed the Frenchman dubiously. "Non," replied the wall-eyed guardian, shaking his head, "Non, il est mort sans le sou." At the mention of coin I distributed *pourboire*. The first guardian went away. I lingered at the tomb, alive now to its more sordid side. Only one row of bourgeois graves, some occupied, some still *à louer*, separated it from an unlovely waste piece of ground, bounded by the gaunt brick wall of the fast-filling cemetery. As I began to muse thereon, I heard a cry, and perceived my guardian peeping from round the corner of a distant tomb, and beckoning me with imperative forefinger. I wanted to stay; I wanted to have "Meditations at the grave of Maupassant," to ponder on the irony of death, to think of the brilliant novelist, the lover of life, cut off in his pride, to lie amid perspectives of black and lavender beads. But my guardian would not let me. "Il n'y a rien à voir," he cried almost angrily, and haled me off to see the real treasures of his cemetery. In vain I persisted that I must not give him trouble, that I could discover the beauties for myself. "O monsieur!" he said reproachfully. Fearing he might return my *pourboire*, I followed him helplessly to inspect the pompous, bead-covered tombs of the well-to-do, shocking him by stopping to muse at the rude mound of an anonymous corpse, remembered only by a little bunch of *immortelles*. One of the fashionable sepulchres stood open, and was being dusted by a man and a woman (on a dust from dust principle, apparently). Most of the dust seemed to be little beads. My keeper exchanged a word with the cleaners, and I profited by the occasion to escape. I sneaked back to the grave of Maupassant, but I had barely achieved a single Reflection, when "Holà, holà!" resounded in loud tones from afar. I started guiltily, but in a moment I realized that it was the cry of expulsion. The sunset was fading, and the gates were to be locked. I hastened across the cemetery, evading my guardian's face of reproach, and in another few moments the paths were deserted, the twilight had fallen and the dead were left alone with their beads.

Let us hope that they rest in peace, that they are not liable to be called up like doctors at all hours of the night, to turn tables or rap out replies. A complimentary correspondent beseeches me not to give up to the occult what was meant for literature—"like another brilliant *causeur*." But the occult is a subject for literary brilliance, like any other, as that other *causeur*, at least, demonstrates. I cannot pretend, however, to be classed with Mr. Andrew Lang as an investigator of the occult. To Mr. Lang these things are a passion, to me a passing pastime. Spirit-rapping came across my path by accident, and, having in my youth been thoroughly grounded in psychology and the logics, I solved the mystery (to my own satisfaction). When spooks come across my path I shall solve *them* (to my own satisfaction). I do not expect to satisfy everybody else. Mr. Lang in private letters, and in his amiable criticisms in *Longman's Magazine* and *The Illustrated London News*, has challenged me to a friendly *séance*. To my regret this has not yet come off; for when Mr. Lang came from Scotland to London, I had to go a-lecturing in Scotland. But Mr. Lang has mis-read me. I have no special spiritualistic powers or rather weaknesses, for a "medium" is, on my theory, only a person with an easily disengageable sub-consciousness. Mr. Lang's logic is curious when he argues that my explanation is shaky because physical causes should be invariable. Of course physical causes are invariable in their action, but not in their presence. It may be that, with some very hard-headed persons, the sub-consciousness cannot disengage itself at all. Mr. Lang appears to be one of them. His fingers cannot even produce raps from a table. Perhaps they have produced too much. But even the average medium never professes to get raps unaided. Circles are formed more or less mystic, and no self-respecting spirit will appear without being received in state with extinguished lights and creepy accom-

paniments. The unconscious revelations made by the sitters are the sole genuine foundation of the spiritualists' influence. Consciousness holds converse with deceased relatives, and sub-consciousness, which knows all about them, answers for them. This, with the supposition of involuntarily produced movements of the table (table-turning) and molecular disturbances in its substance (table-rapping), constitutes all my theory. The idea that the hands become suckers I lay no store by. It is a mere suggestion to account for *alleged* complete raisings in the air, though several of my correspondents have misunderstood me, with much technical skill; and one, a consulting engineer, says—"Shall I be rude if I say that you are utterly, hopelessly misinformed?" However, I forgive this insulting engineer, because he agrees with the rest of the theory and buys my books instead of getting them from Mudie's. "I remember how in my younger days," says he, "I found out these and many other dodges, and thereby passed as a medium until I laughed in the faces of my innocent dupes, and thereafter passed as a derider of all things holy and good, including the pious pastime of spirit-rapping. I have challenged and outdone many of the media, and shown them all to be frauds, but I have avoided publicity, as thereby comes obloquy." Another of my many correspondents objects to my sub-consciousness *spelling out* "The Road to Fortune," words which I had received as sounds. But I might have seen them, and in any case the sound of a word is for me inextricably mixed up with its spelling. He refers me to an interesting parallel case in Scott's "Antiquary" (chap. x.), which is explained by Oldbuck in chap. xiv. Lovel sleeps in the haunted Green Room at Monkbarns, and is visited by a vision of the first proprietor, who points out a passage in a volume he holds in his hands. This passage, in a language unknown to Lovel, remains riveted in his memory. Afterwards (chap. xi.) he recognizes it in the motto—"Kunst macht Gunst"—of a book shown him by Monkbarns, and the latter explains the mystery thus: he had repeated the motto earlier in the evening in Lovel's hearing. Lovel's mind was bent elsewhere, but his ear had mechanically received and retained the sounds, and his "busy fancy" (as Sir Walter calls the sub-consciousness) had introduced the scrap of German into his dream. Here there is a translation from sound to image, which seems to me to be quite in accordance with psychology. The sound, spelling and sight of a word are all mentally intertangled. Indeed, I am quite of the Antiquary's opinion:—"It is thus we silly mortals deceive ourselves and look out of doors for motives which originate in our own wilful will."

Sub-consciousness is quite enough to account for all the curious phenomena that really occur. It is a greater marvel in itself than any that it explains, and beats the spooks hollower than they are. Just consider the phenomena of dreams, what things we do, what sights we see. It is only the commonness of dreams that blinds us to the fact that they are more marvellous than ghost-stories. Mr. Lang thinks the theory of the sub-conscious self that uses our muscles for its own ends is "the most startling thing ever offered to the public; and that it should be regarded as true by a skeptic, is staggering to our judicial faculties." But why? Our noble selves—are they not already exposed to the indignity of dreams? What matters another insult? We need not be greatly put out if sub-consciousness is busy in the day-time too. And what about somnambulism? What about musical or literary creation? Are not our ideas made for us in the kitchen of our sub-consciousness? Our consciousness is only a small part of ourselves. What produced De Quincy's opium dreams was certainly not consciousness. I can see visions, myself, without opium. In certain excited states of the brain I can travel in my chair, or bed, perfectly awake; through an endless and variegated series of scenes—domestic interiors with people talking or eating or playing cards, battle-fields with

glittering phalanxes, beautiful tossing seas, gorgeous forests, melancholy hospitals, busy newspaper offices, etc., etc. These are almost entirely detached from my will, and the chief interest of the spectacle is the unexpectedness of its episodes. The scenes and the people have all the concreteness and detail of actuality, although I never forget that I am observing my own hallucinations. Just fancy what ghosts I could see in the dark if I lost my central control and let my sub-consciousness get the upper hand. Sociologists say, the seeing of dead people in dreams gave rise to the idea of ghosts. I would suggest that the same process as that of dreaming gives rise to the ghosts themselves. There is probably no story in Mr. Frederick Greenwood's interesting gossip, "Imagination in Dreams" (John Lane), which cannot be explained by sub-conscious processes, not including telepathy. Great is the sub-consciousness! Who shall say what it does not contain, either *in esse* or *in posse*? Till we have exhausted the sub-consciousness let us not talk of spooks.

I. ZANGWILL.

Literature

Sacher Masoch's "Jewish Tales"

Translated from the French of Leopold von Sacher Masoch. By Harriet Lieber Cohen. A. C. McClurg & Co.

THE FLAVOR which pervades these condensed and graphic tales has a most unusual piquancy. Gathered from many different countries as they are, and describing various emotions, there are nevertheless certain qualities which run through them all and lift them above the common level. They are permeated with the pride of race which cannot fail to arouse admiration. And one is impressed anew with the strange unity of the Jews through manifold experiences—divided, harassed, misunderstood and persecuted, but always set apart from the country of their adoption,—a lonely race, a law unto itself. The fine loyalty of the Jews to their creed and to one another, the peculiar closeness of family ties among them, their strenuous, defensive self-assertion, all are conspicuous in these vivid pictures. They have much of the quality of folk tales, so simple and typical are their plots, so suggestive their ideas, and so large and primeval their emotions. Many of them are allegories, telling great truths through simple means. And the atmosphere of melancholy which inevitably hangs over the Jewish race envelops them also. In spite of gaiety and warmth and love, one cannot escape the strenuous undercurrent of tragedy. It is a strange combination—the pride and the humility of the Chosen People. It has in it the despair of a race which has not lived up to its heritage—the consciousness of strength, overcome by a haunting, elusive sense of failure.

The destiny of the Jews is closely allied to their religion, and the religion has little mercy and tenderness in it. "You know a God of hatred and vengeance," says a Jewess in one of these tales to a weary, self-immolating pilgrim, "and with such a monster creation would you make your peace! I know another God, the God of love and of mercy; he who set the rainbow in the sky as a symbol of peace; he who delivered the people of Israel from Egypt; the God who protected us in the Babylonian captivity, and who has not forsaken us even now that we are a dispersed and broken people!" Ever this minor note even in the most hopeful passages; and it is but seldom in the tales that we are conscious of a merciful God. This narrative of the pilgrim who finds his redemption through her whom he mistook for the "Angel of Death" is the most poetic in the volume. And its lesson that happiness is after all a finer tribute to the Maker of all things than self-inflicted misery has a welcome fragrance in it. The story of another pilgrimage, that of Galet Jekarim, is more characteristic of the race, has more of its dogged persistence, its unwavering faith, its blind, zealous devotion to an ideal. Nothing, not even love itself, will turn this pilgrim from his great object, will compensate him for never seeing the Holy City. The longing to touch

the walls of Jerusalem, which keeps him alive through hunger and sickness, is in itself an uncontrollable passion, piteous to conceive. The art of the narrator lies in the straightforward simplicity of his method. There is a kind of bareness about the tales, which helps curiously to produce an effect of sacrifice and zeal. Yet Masoch is decidedly not without humor, a grim sort of humor which leaves out the ripple of mirth and makes one feel the pathos at the root of laughter. The book is full of originality in its observation of the Jew of tradition as he still exists scattered through the villages of Europe.

Mr. Sala's Reminiscences

The Life and Adventures of George Augustus Sala. Written by Himself. 2 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE COMPOSITION of a volume like this could no more have been undertaken half a century ago than the new chemical element argon could have been put down by Lavoisier among his "elementary" chemical bodies more than a century ago. The rise of modern journalism, with all its complex machinery of telegraph, special correspondence, leader-writing, advertisements, etc., is altogether the work of the decadent nineteenth century. From the tiny sheet of Defoe's day to the encyclopedic amplitude of a single issue of a great modern newspaper is indeed a Brobdingnagian step, or leapt only by a pair of seven-league boots; and from the autocratic Defoe himself—editor, correspondent, advertiser and printer all in one—to the Briarean staff of a *Daily Telegraph*, *Times* or *News*, is a step no less "portentous," as Mrs. Gamp would say. All of which comes out most amusingly in Mr. Sala's reminiscences, which cover a period dating from the Queen's accession to the present day and allow him to say sententiously of nearly everything within that period, *quorum ego pars fui*. His mixed Italian and South American origin—his father was an Italian theatrical manager of an ancient Roman line, his mother the daughter of a wealthy Brazilian lady of Demerara, with Indian blood in her veins—accounts in part for the extraordinary vivacity and versatility of the man, if not also for his longevity, for, though he is not over 67 now, he has survived innumerable revolutions, reforms and "restorations," and seems in his vast experiences to date from a remote past. A cockney of the cockneys, he was the last of thirteen delicate children, in this resembling the poet Gray, who was the only survivor of twelve, and the record of his early struggles and of his mother's heroic efforts to support and educate her family by giving music, dancing and language lessons in the houses of the nobility, and by going on the stage, is both painful and bewildering, so protean are the arrangements, the succession of one disaster upon another and the flitting from house to house in search of lodgings. "Bohemia" is written in capital letters all over this part of the book, and a Bohemia of the most picturesque and diversified geography. The gifted boy and his exceptionally gifted brothers never had anything that could really be called education. A little schooling in London and a snatch or two of Paris, reading at home under extreme difficulties, running about the streets and great houses where his mother taught, assiduous attendance at theatres and concerts, in greenrooms and lobbies: such was the curriculum of the remarkable journalist who afterwards became celebrated under the well-known signature of *G. A. S.* Hardly out of his teens, Sala became the editor of an unsuccessful town paper called *Chat*, after having previously eked out a miserable existence as a scene-painter, engraver on wood, copier of legal documents in a fine notarial hand, etcher and translator of French comedies.

The boy had, indeed, inherited polyglot tendencies and accomplishments from his triple-tongued mother, and he picked up, besides what he got from her, a considerable knowledge of German, Russian, Spanish, Latin and Greek. His early days of quill-driving brought him in contact with Thackeray, Charles Mathews, Macready, Albert Smith,

Cruikshank, Shirley Brooks, Lola Montez and Ada Isaacs Menken. Like old Sam Johnson, he learned compassion in the school of poverty, and even sold a quack medicine to keep soul and body together. With admirable frankness he does not hesitate to head certain episodes "Making a Fool of Myself," "My Horror of Mountains," "Short Commons," "Bidding Good bye to Bohemia," etc., with a Rousseau-like naïveté, in which, however, naught is set down in malice. The keynote of the book is absolute outspokenness. He does not hesitate to tell of the broken heads and "black eyes" of his stormy youth, makes light of many a dangerous illness, and describes personal *rencontres* and personalities with Italian gusto. It was a *miliaria aurea* in his career, when in 1851 he became attached to the staff of *Household Words* and was intimately associated with Dickens—"indirectly the means of converting me into one of the idlest young dogs that ever rambled about between London and Paris, and London and Lancashire and Lancashire and Ireland, and that ever * * * wasted his precious time in a seemingly reckless and wholly indefensible manner." A misunderstanding with Dickens led to a rupture, after he had written 300 articles for the magazine in 3 years. In 1857 his memorable and lifelong work on the *Daily Telegraph* began through Edmund Yates, who "scotched" him, though "I had a chronic dislike to let anybody know where I lived"—a characteristic "Bohemianism"! The editor of the *Telegraph* had been struck by an anonymous leader of Sala's in the *Illustrated News*. His fortune—after twenty years' waiting—was at last made; and the rush of special correspondence, leaders, obituaries, appreciations, began, to be followed by "marrying in haste, not to repent at leisure," journeys on the "Great Eastern," round the world or due North, here, there and everywhere, like a shuttlecock, at the beck and call of "my proprietors." Never was there apparently a more faithful slave. He was in New York during the War of Secession, sympathizing with the South and writing brilliant letters to his paper; he was a modest guest at the birth of countless periodicals, such as *All the Year Round*, *Cornhill* and *Temple Bar* (his own child), and he had the honor of rising from a perusal of *The Saturday Review* "with the uneasy, although happily transient, impression that perhaps I was, after all, the ignoramus, the impostor, the plagiarist and the blockhead which the *Saturday* seemed to think I was; and that I only needed the courage to be a pickpocket or a smasher." The humorous bitterness of many of the reminiscences is one of their peculiarities; the author, in his philosophic old age, prosperous, honored and famous (journalistically), looks back upon his critics with half-relentless sweetness, yet with acrimony enough to be altogether human. He is a striking example of what pure journalism without other training can do for a man, and he is evidently conscious of his success. Of the innumerable celebrities that flit across his 800 pages, few are spoken of in a manner that lends itself to quotation: the style is often long drawn-out, prolix, diffuse, newspaperish, without literary art or condensation—the manner of a man who says to himself, "I have so-and-so many columns to fill out this morning, and I must do it willy-nilly."

The result is very agreeable reading, indeed, a very panorama-like unrolling of celebrated names and localities. Singers, musicians, novelists, poets, journalists chequer the pages, and famous names are thick upon the lines; but it would require a magazine article to quote and reproduce Mr. Sala's recollections of them, so detailed is his method. In the height of the "Bozomania" (in 1837-38), for example, he narrates:—"There [at St. James's Theatre] I first saw, as a very young and eminently handsome man, Charles Dickens. His wonderful works of fiction," etc., and forthwith the author shoots off into a jungle of rather miscellaneous rememberings, without at all satisfying at that point one's thirst for more Dickens. Often, however, he is very picturesque, as when he says of himself: "I bitterly re-

sented in childhood the imputation of being an infant phenomenon. I have always had a lively aversion for my own writings and my own individuality, and it was with absolute loathing that I was forced to come forth on the carpet as a show-child and bleat forth songs or speeches or poetry." One evening at a party, "the young gentleman with the green satin stock and the diamond eagle breastpin was none other than Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, pretender to the throne of France." Again, "He was altogether an odd person, this William Charles Macready, high minded, generous, just, but the slave, on the stage, of a simply ungovernable temper. *Homo duplex*. There were two Macreadys. * * * At rehearsal he could be a bully and a ribald, and use towards women as well as towards men language which a beggar in his drink would not use towards his callet." A diverting anecdote, too long to quote in full, is told of the heir of the frugal Louis-Phillipe, who, being at a fair, extravagantly admired the beauty of Lady D'Orsay's hair. "Oh!" exclaimed his Royal Highness, "if I could only possess one of those enchanting ringlets!" And poor Monseigneur had forthwith to "shell out" 6000 francs for his unfortunate admiration! Of himself Sala says:—"But when I joined the staff of the *Daily Telegraph* and had a free hand in writing at least 3000 words every day, I soon relapsed into that style which so roused the ire of the *Saturday*. Out came, or rather streamed, the long-tailed words, the hyperboles, the rhodomontade, the similes and the quotations dragged in by the head or by the heels. I knew, perhaps, but little, but I made as much as I could of what I knew." This, indeed, strikes the *leit-motif* of the book—diffusion, dissertation, yet diversion: how else could one man be gastronome, theatrical critic, Bohemian, traveller, "thunderer," special correspondent, wood-engraver, linguist, lecturer and what not, all in one? In spite of faults, however, these memoirs are intensely amusing and thoroughly characteristic of the time: old-fashioned and new-fashioned, Old-World and New-World, they hit two hemispheres and two ends of the century admirably well; and we part from Mr. Sala thankful for the entertainment he has afforded us, yet marvelling at the delicacy of his allusion to his second marriage.

The Administration of Cities

Municipal Government in Great Britain. By Albert Shaw. The Century Co.

THIS IS THE MOST INTERESTING WORK on municipal government we have ever met with. Such works, according to our experience of them, are usually mere catalogues of facts set forth in the driest possible style and unilluminated by ideas; Mr. Shaw's book, on the other hand, is lively and clear in style and excellent in method. In writing this treatise on the principles and methods of British municipal government, he has taken care not to encumber it with useless historical matter, presenting only such facts as serve to illustrate and exemplify the subject in hand. The importance of the subject is dwelt upon in the introductory chapter, where Mr. Shaw calls attention to the vast growth of urban communities, both in Europe and in America, during the present century, and shows that before long the majority of the inhabitants of all civilized countries will be living in cities or large villages. In our own country, unfortunately, the proper government of cities has not received the attention it deserves until recently, the consequence being that, as a rule, our cities are much worse governed than those of European countries; so that we may advantageously study their systems with the view of appropriating whatever in them may help to better our own. We cannot, of course, copy the British system in its entirety (and the author is well aware of this), but there are some features in it that we might adopt with benefit to ourselves, and without the trouble of inventing them. The cities of England and Scotland have enlisted the services of an abler class of men than ours have yet secured, and, as Mr. Shaw remarks, "a general familiarity with their

attempts and achievements might save our American cities from some mistakes, and might stimulate them to adopt broader and more generous municipal programs."

In its basis and organization, the English system is so different from ours that Mr. Shaw devotes a whole chapter to its explanation; and if we mistake not, this will be to American readers the most valuable part of the book. American cities are usually governed by two separate and coordinate authorities, the mayor and the council, and there has been of late a tendency to increase the power of the mayor so as to make him almost a dictator. In England, on the contrary, all power is vested in the council, which chooses the mayor, generally from among its own members, and manages the affairs of the city by means of its own committees. The mayor's office is almost purely honorary, with no veto power and no power of appointment, all appointments being made, directly or indirectly, by the council. All executive officers hold their places during good behavior, and it is worthy of note that they are not chosen by competitive examination, other methods of selection being preferred. This form of government Mr. Shaw believes to be superior to that prevailing in American cities, and we are strongly inclined to agree with him. The result of the American system, by which the governing power is divided between mayor and council, is to weaken authority and divide responsibilities; and the author thinks that "the embarrassments and opportunities growing out of this divided responsibility are among the principal causes of the comparative failure of city government in the United States."

Having set forth the general scheme of municipal government as established in England and Scotland, Mr. Shaw goes on to show its practical working, giving numerous examples of what the city councils have done of late years in perfecting municipal administration and improving the conditions of urban life. The examples given relate almost exclusively to material interests, education being only incidentally mentioned, since the schools are not governed by the city council, but by an independent school board elected by the people. The account begins with Glasgow, the largest city of Scotland, and the one where what are commonly called socialistic measures have been more largely introduced than in any other city of Great Britain. The improvements effected there relate to various public interests, such as drainage and other matters affecting the public health, water-supply, gas-supply, streets and street railways, and the housing of the working-classes, in many of which radical changes have been made. A quarter of a century ago, 25 per cent. of the Glasgow people lived in tenements of only one room each, and 45 per cent. in tenements of two rooms each, a state of things injurious not only to the tenants themselves but to the public health as well. Mr. Shaw devotes several pages to showing what the city authorities have done and are doing to remedy the evil. Something has been done, also, both in Glasgow and in other British cities, towards providing small parks for the recreation of the people. Besides Glasgow, the author dwells at some length upon Manchester and Birmingham, and more lightly upon several other cities, but, as the governments and their operations are similar in all, we need not enter into particulars here. The later chapters of the book, comprising one-third of the whole, are devoted to London, and show how the various sections of the city are now governed, and what steps have been taken and are contemplated towards its unification under one central authority. The establishment of the London County Council and of the London School Board has already produced good effects, but much more remains to be done before the city will have a government worthy of the world's greatest capital. In conclusion, we may remark that the book is handsomely printed, and is provided with appendices, a marginal analysis and an index. We believe that all Americans who are actively concerned with the government of cities may gain instruction from its pages, and

will welcome the author's promised companion volume, which is to treat of municipal government in the leading countries of Continental Europe.

"The Melancholy of Stephen Allard"

A Private Diary. Edited by Garnet Smith. Macmillan & Co.

STEPHEN ALLARD was an Oxford man, "quiet, gentle, reserved," "an indefatigable student," "possibly too interested in subjects that lie outside the ordinary curriculum," and poor—a man whose few acquaintances had little or no suspicion of his melancholy. So much his friend and editor tells us about him. In early life he withdrew to Devonshire. "I, Stephen Allard," his diary begins, "aged thirty, hansom my year of liberty by this first entry into the diary that is to reveal me to myself. I am come from Babylon. I have fled from Vanity Fair to take sanctuary among the hills." A year and a half later he died of pneumonia. His diary reveals him not only to himself, but also to the world. He did not write for publication, but the public has rights, in literature as well as in things more material, which sometimes outweigh any individual interest or intention. This diary expresses far more successfully, far more profoundly than any other book of the kind, the spirit of melancholy in the present century. The genuineness of private diaries, confessions or journals is often doubted. Indeed, if many more come to light, they will get distinction as a fad in literature. Number, however, is no final evidence against genuineness. The attitude of melancholy is too true to the times not to have frequent expression. The progress of the century has been so rapid, in knowledge as well as in things material, that in the life of men here and there action has come to seem impossible. The impossibility of action drives the man of affairs perhaps even to suicide, and the man of ideas and books not infrequently to isolation and private writing. So, if evidence against genuineness is to be had, it must be internal. But by internal evidence we do not refer to literary form. A private diary may be nothing but "stage-whispering," but literary merit, even the most perfect literary adornment, with a power of mediation however great, is as clear an indication of genuine privacy as of expected publication. Nature has her ways of compensation, and the more a man retires into himself, leaving the world and its social relations and feelings, the more is he likely to assume in his thinking the forms and the conceits of relations to others. In his art, cultivated only for himself, lies his last chance of peace. His diary is his only field of activity.

Stephen Allard's diary bears all the internal marks of genuineness. It is, to be sure, the last to appear of a number of similar private records, and it possesses great literary wealth and power, but we cannot for a moment entertain, as some have done, the possibility of its being a make-believe. It shows too well the disease of the day. It is a man's hard and hopeless effort to get beyond himself, or to get himself into action; the work of one who, attending in turn to the good, the beautiful and the true, as modern life has given meaning to those words, could nowhere find satisfaction. His diary is more than entertaining. It arouses more than an emotion; it is not an expression of the Greek or æsthetic type of melancholy. It is deep, as deep as thought, and is almost a contribution to philosophy. Stephen Allard had read widely, not only in poetry and romance, but also in philosophy, and his estimates of philosophic doctrine are keen. Accordingly his melancholy, being that of one whose insight might have made him a philosopher, if his circumstances had not checked normal activity even in this direction, is so much the more valuable as a comment upon the life of the present time. "Philosophy," he says himself, "so far from bringing consolation, is likely to deepen my need of it." He feels that in philosophy as well as in active life "Es irrt der Mensch so lang er strebt." Melancholy seldom, if ever, cures itself, unless its tendency to hasten death, sometimes in the guise of pneumonia, be regarded as a promise of cure.

But Stephen Allard, like all of his kind, enjoys the conceit of setting up for reflection now one and now another idea or emotion that should, at least, bring the longed-for peace—that ought to bring it, but of course never can when the seeker cares more for his melancholy than for any possible cure. "I have loved wisdom," we read, "but wisdom has failed and would fail me; let my sole wisdom be the wisdom of love, let me trust that there is unity behind, * * * that there is some reconciliation of virtue and happiness, that Love is Lord of All." The pathos of all melancholy is in its "Let me's."

At the close of the nineteenth century we hear the individual, educated in the belief that his nature is essentially unchanging or predetermined, and that his life consists in mere use of his surroundings, or at most in successful adjustment to them, but shocked into recognizing that he is himself a very important element of the surroundings to be used and coordinated—we hear him saying with Stephen Allard, and hardly less helplessly:—"Let me trust * * * that there is some reconciliation of virtue and happiness," of socialism and individuality, of all including nature and man. He would act, and feel at the same time that the action was really his.

The Gurkha at Home

On India's Frontier; or, Nepal, the Gurkha's Mysterious Land. By Henry Ballantine. J. Selwin Tait & Sons.

THOSE WHO READ Mr. Ballantine's spirited "Midnight Marches through Persia" need not be told that he has not only keen powers of observation, but a profound insight into the Oriental mind and ways. A missionary's son, born and raised in India, finding his playmates among his dark-skinned fellow-Aryans, he has read the book of human nature as well as the books written on palm-leaves, parchment and paper. Now he takes us into a country of which not much has been written. It is difficult for the foreigner to step across the line of political demarkation from Hindustan into the Gurkha's mysterious land. The British Government long ago marked out a Neutral Belt, with the Himalayan Mountains for its southern base, and comprising, northward, vast stretches of little-known and, most of it, quite unknown territory, divided up among independent tribes more or less hostile to each other. These tough little fellows of the hill country are left to do as they please, so long as they do not meddle with British territory. They are Britain's watchers on "the Roof of the World," ever guarding against the threatening Russians who are expected to rise up out of the North at any time. The Indian Government is liberal in furnishing arms and ammunition, and every resource of the British purse and diplomacy is employed upon the Gurkhas, to maintain this Neutral Belt intact against the white Tsar and his hordes. Out of Nepal comes that recklessly brave and hardy race of Gurkha soldiers (closely resembling the Japanese article), from which some of the best fighting material is drawn for the making of the British Indian Army.

Outside of a small number of Englishmen, the foreigners who have visited Nepal can be counted on one's fingers, and even these have been under constant espionage. Mr. Ballantine, however, was one of the favored few, and he tells his story in a way that will certainly carry temptation into the bosoms of other would-be travellers. He tells how the people look and behave, and what sort of animals inhabit this region of inspiring landscapes. He sandwiches liberally between his pages well-chosen pictures, which rise up out of the acid-bath to make informing revelations. His inventory of wonders and curiosities is a very remarkable one. Here is a great dead elephant blocking up his path—the only mourner on hand being a large carrion vulture that has spied the dainty funeral miles and miles away. After the detour over rocks and boulders, he finds a Hindoo deity set in a fissure of the rocks. Beside the idol is the ever-present lingam, all bedecked with tinsel and flowers and strewn with rice and

copper coins, devoted offerings of the sin-laden as they filter through this first Nepalese pass. To the student of comparative religion, this volume is of intensest interest, because it describes the land where began the evolution of that wonderful division of Buddhism called the Northern, whose voluminous canon is designated as the Greater Vehicle. One who has studied Chinese, Korean and Japanese Buddhism and Buddhist art of the Tantra school, recognizes here numerous missing links between Pali, or original Buddhism, which was almost bald in its simplicity, and the highly florid and fully developed system in vogue throughout Chinese Asia. Mr. Ballantine devotes a good deal of space in text and picture to the actual people, palaces and problems of the Nepal of to day: he tells of its politics, slavery, and assassinations. The physiognomic type of the people is wonderfully like that of Europeans. In eyes, nose, mouth, hair and beard it would be difficult, we imagine, to distinguish Nepalese in a crowd of Italians or Southern Europeans, if they dressed in western style. The final chapter is a discussion of the problems of Anglo-Indian politics, especially as they look toward Muscovy. Mr. Ballantine thinks that England has made a great mistake in not throwing Nepal open to English commercial enterprise, and in keeping the country so secret. When he arrived at Calcutta, he was congratulated by friends on his return from an endeavor to discover "the Northwest Passage." Whatever else Nepal may be, it is a land of cruelty, where murders and assassinations are only too common. If we, who live in a land where Negroes are lynched frequently, may throw stones, we suggest that the British Government begin a reform in that direction. This book is a valuable contribution to the literature of modern travel, and, indeed, we may say, of exploration.

"The Bell-Ringer of Angel's"

And Other Stories. By Bret Harte. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

WHEN "THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP" appeared in the second issue of *The Overland Monthly* in 1868, its author took immediately a position in American literature to which his already widely copied and universally admired poems had failed to elevate him. In subject and style, this story was a distinct departure from the typical Western tale to be found at that time in the current magazines. It possessed qualities of a high order, and showed an artistic finish unusual in so young a writer. Mr. Harte obtained for this piece of authorship much praise and popularity, and very deservedly. In the third issue of *The Overland* he established firmly his literary reputation by the publication of "The Outcasts of Poker Flat." Having thus, as it were, made "his calling and election sure," he produced in quick succession his famous stories of American border experience. Fresh from his own experience of rough Western life, it is not strange that he was able to infuse into these stories and his verses a spirit of reality, which delighted the bold and adventurous type of American manhood then looking to the Pacific slope as the truly golden "land of promise," in comparison with which that "flowing with milk and honey" paled into insignificance. When a mere boy, Mr. Harte, who, as many may not know, is a New Yorker by birth, found it impossible to resist the allurements of gold-digging in the West. The scene of his mining experiences was Sonora, California, where he lived the rough, uncertain life of the ordinary day-laborer. Enough to live on, or, as it was called, "grub wages," was about the outcome of a day's hard labor. Bret Harte was not a success as a gold-digger; therefore he tried a more exalted career, that of a Wells-Fargo messenger, "a person who sat beside the driver on the box-seat of a stage-coach, in charge of the letters and treasures which the Wells-Fargo Express Company took from a mining camp to the nearest town or city." This was a post of real danger, for stage-robbers were plentiful in those days, and it was not many months before he was glad to exchange so unsafe a position for the more quiet one of schoolmaster of Sonora. But he

was not a success as a schoolmaster, and, giving that up as unsuited to his tastes, "for several years," he says, "I wandered about California from city to camp, and camp to city, without any special purpose. I became an editor and learned to set type, but, strange to say, I had no confidence until long after that period in literature as a means of livelihood." It was while working at the case that he commenced his literary career, composing his first article in type as he worked.

In 1878 Mr. Harte was appointed United States Consul at Crefeld, Germany, whence he was transferred in 1880 to Glasgow, Scotland. Since then he has made his home abroad, spending most of his time in England, which pleases and interests him especially. It has become a fixed habit in the critics to say that Mr. Harte's "foreign affiliations" have made no impression upon his imagination or writings; and that he is as genuinely American as in 1868, when he edited *The Overland Monthly* and wrote "The Luck of Roaring Camp." Of course, every law which influences and controls an impressionable nature like that of Mr. Harte goes to disprove this statement. Working in London, surrounded by every evidence of the most refined luxury and culture, it is not in the nature of things that Mr. Harte should always be able to give the true ring to a reproduction of his early Pacific experiences. That this is true is made distinctly evident by his latest volume of stories. Their scenes are laid in the same region as of yore; the same bold, daring type of manhood is used for the hero; the same idea of action, of dramatic effect, the same conception and execution are evident from first to last; and yet the result is not the same. Something is wanting—the personal presence, the personal participation, the personal interest of the writer. Memory will not do in this day of stern realism. A man who aims to reproduce in literature a certain phase of life must be a part of that life to feel directly its influence and inspiration. Mr. Harte is no longer a rough Westerner, living heart to heart with uncouth laborers and bold adventurers. The culture and ease of an older civilization have materially influenced him—have, in fact, transformed him. And while his powers and possibilities may not be any less than they once were, they are certainly very different. He has enriched American literature immensely by the exercise of his splendid genius in immortalizing a dramatic period of our national life: he should be content to rest upon what he has done so well—so far, at least, as American literature is concerned. But, if he will not come back and live among us again, to get thoroughly in touch with our life to-day, it would be discreet, to say the least, for him to look about him *professionally* in England, where the social peculiarities cannot fail to interest him, while at the same time they offer a magnificent opportunity for the use of his two great endowments—emotional breadth and artistic nicety.

"American Charities"

THE EXPERIENCE of the author, Prof. Amos G. Warner, has given him exceptional facilities for studying the subject, as he has in past years been employed by certain charitable organizations. Of late he has been giving instruction in the subject at Stanford University. He understands by the term charities "all those institutions and agencies which give direct material aid to the poor as such," excluding educational agencies, because they do not give material aid. Accordingly his book treats almost exclusively of the work of relieving poverty, with little regard to the means of preventing it, although the first part discusses the causes of poverty. Those who realize how much better and more important prevention is than cure will be likely to think this part more valuable than all the rest. The author's discussion of these causes is rather complicated and not always clear, but is carefully studied, and is sure to set the reader thinking. He gives tables, prepared by himself and others, showing the ascertained causes of poverty in a great number of cases, and draws from them the conclusion that the chief cause of poverty is "incapacity, resulting in most chronic cases from sickness or other degenerate and degenerating conditions," while intemperance and other vices count for nearly

as much more. Lack of employment, however, is a leading cause, and Prof. Warner thinks that "the most difficult problem in the whole realm of poor-relief is this of providing for the unemployed." After discussing the causes, he goes on to describe the various agencies now at work in this country for its relief, giving as full an account of their organization and practical working as most readers are likely to wish for. In view of the fact, stated in these pages, that the sum spent in the United States for charitable purposes amounts to "about \$100,000,000 a year," the importance of a thorough study of the whole subject can hardly be over-estimated; and all available helps to that end are to be welcomed. (T. Y. Crowell & Co.)

Religious and Theological Literature

AMONG the figures sketched by Fanny Fern in her "Fern Leaves," that collection of snapshots of contemporaneous life, we remember vividly her picture of the old minister whom his people wanted to get rid of, whose "library consisted of a Bible, a concordance and a dictionary." Forthwith, we made up our mind that a concordance must be an absolute necessity to a parson. Long years of experience have confirmed the impression, and among the most constantly used books in our literary workshop are those of Cruden, Young and Brown, and one or two pocket word-keys of the Bible. Yet, as everyone knows, Cruden is often exasperatingly unsatisfactory, Young has his limitations, and Eadie did not arrive at perfection. We are not altogether certain that the acme has been reached in the Rev. J. B. R. Walker's "Comprehensive Concordance to the Holy Scripture," but we are sure that, considering size and price and method of presentation, it is the best yet produced for the busy pastor. The compiler of this work evidently made himself thoroughly familiar with the excellences and defects of most previous concordances, and seems in a remarkable degree to have combined the former and eliminated the latter. In a little over 900 pages we have just what we want and nothing else—a text-finder. Here is no cyclopædia, no dictionary, but simply the tool that the man in search of a text wants. A good workman is all the more thankful when he can find the tool he wants without having to rummage through the whole tool-chest to find it. Here we have a rigidly alphabetical arrangement, passages in their strict Biblical order, and the proper names set alphabetically and properly accented; it is stated, also, that 50,000 more references are given here than appear in Cruden. The page, though set in small type, is very legible, and the handy octavo is so cheap that even the humblest country parson can afford to add it to his books. In an interesting introduction by M. C. Hazard we have a biography of the compiler, a bibliography of the subject, and a very informing sketch of the history and evolution of the work. (Congregational Sunday-school & Pub. Society.)

DR. ERNST HÄCKEL has made a profession of faith, and it has been translated by Mr. J. Gilchrist, and published under the title of "Monism as Connecting Religion and Science: the Confession of Faith of a Man of Science." The title is alluring, but let no one be deceived into supposing that the radical has reacted. The faith that Dr. Häckel finds himself forced to confess is far from a theological orthodoxy. Indeed, it would be difficult to see anything of religion in it. He identifies force with spirit, with God, and then identifies force with matter. The result is obviously something that can be called deism, or pantheism, only by an entirely new connotation of the term. But since this theory of monism is incapable of demonstration, it is apprehended by faith. It will be understood that Herr Häckel has the candor to point out to us that the god in whom he puts his faith is not a personal god. This is coming to be ever more and more the tendency of the modern mind. While we are not concerned to enter into the polemics of this matter, we confess that we fail to see the utility of this new monistic religion, because we do not perceive the certainty of its ethical sanction. Herr Häckel has perspicuity and a graphic style. His religion will do for him, if for no one else. (Macmillan & Co.)

THE OLD LATIN motto, "Pasce verbo, pasce vita," is realised in the conception and execution of an admirable work for the instruction and admonition of the Christian minister, "Speculum Sacerdotum; or, The Divine Model of the Priestly Life," by the Rev. W. C. E. Newbolt, M. A., Canon and Chancellor of Saint Paul's Cathedral. We are sure that this is a work that any Christian minister may use with profit. Throughout there breathes a spirit of sanctified commonsense and genuine devoutness, and,

withal, it is strong and bright in its literary form. Spiritual life is the only true source of saving work in this world, and consecrated service alone can produce permanent results in the work of the clergy. In the hurry and bustle of our age the temptation of the pastor is to seek to gain results by the agency of emotion and sensationalism. Out of the perfect character of Jesus came Christianity, out of the genuine holiness of the Christian ministry comes all the lasting salvation of the church in these last days. We hope that Canon Newbolt's book will find itself in many a pastor's study, and make its way into his inmost conviction and practical life. (Longmans, Green & Co.)—"ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES on the Sunday-school Lessons, 1895," by Jesse L. Hurlbut and Robert R. Doherty, is a guide to the study of these lessons, with original and selected comments, methods of teaching, illustrative stories, practical applications, notes on Eastern life, library references, maps, tables, pictures and diagrams; forming a veritable cyclopædia for superintendents and teachers of Sunday-schools. The variety and amount of useful and suggestive matter condensed into these 350 pages are surprising. (Hunt & Eaton.)

THE WIDE GENERAL DIFFUSION of Bible study in recent years has led to a careful scholarship in the books prepared for students of the Scriptures. The assertion concerning the "original autograph" may have served to attract attention to a consideration of the manuscripts of the books of the Bible. A work bearing upon this matter is the Rev. George E. Merrill's "The Parchments of the Faith." The author has collected information about the Greek and Hebrew manuscripts of the Sacred Books, put it into an accessible form, and illustrated it with pictures of notable parchments. The book is exceedingly useful, for it collects the data from various places and puts them in a form and place convenient for us. He describes both Hebrew and Greek writings, discusses the Massorets and the Targum writers, classes and characterizes manuscripts, and shows clearly how the text of the New Testament has been determined. In this way he popularizes textual criticism, and reveals the manner in which the results have been attained. The only other work that we have seen comparable to this, is Gregory's *Prolegomena* to Tischendorf's eighth edition of his New Testament. From these *Prolegomena* the author appears to have drawn. In this he is right, for Gregory's Latin will seal his introduction to all but special students. Mr. Merrill tends to show how the recent discoveries and studies in textual criticism of the Bible are reactionary in their influence. This is certainly true regarding the testimony of the Apocryphal Gospel of Peter to the age of the Fourth Gospel. Against all protest we are forced to insist that the discovery of Tatian's "Diatessaron" has undermined the argument of the author of "Supernatural Religion." Mr. Merrill is therefore right in his general position. For the rest, though it seems ungrateful, we must say that we could wish the writer's style less diffuse, particularly in the early part of his book. (American Baptist Publication Society.)

IN "THE RELIGION of the Future; or, Outlines of Spiritual Philosophy," the Rev. Samuel Weil sets forth his ideas, which have sprung from the more or less digested reading of a number of books and newspapers of a very miscellaneous sort. Everything, from the dedication to the place where there should be an index, but is not, shows that the author is not a very close thinker, nor a master of rhetoric and style, though his vision may be as many-tubed, as it were, as a fly's organ of vision. He sees a great deal of which the ordinary man cannot even catch a glimpse, though the latter might do so, were the author's thought more focalized, or at least concentrated. His remarks about "spirit photographs" and "psychic figures," esoteric Buddhism and spiritualism, are doubtless very edifying to those who are gifted, like himself, with similar vision. We cannot confess to much edification, even after spending our valuable time on many pages of this work. (Arena Pub. Co.)—MR. JAMES P. KELLY thunders radicalism and revolution in the preface of his little book entitled "The Law of Service," a study in Christian altruism; but, after all, the work is a mild exhortation to Christians to follow the example of their Master, to do and serve as Jesus did, and not to make so much ado over dogma and creed. He discusses pleasantly the teachings of the Church, both theoretical and practical, shows the clergy and laity what they should do, and chats on citizenship, business, art, literature and education. He preaches suggestively on the law of love and protests against the discrimination which is too often made in the common practice of "the orthodox," between the service of God, the service of mankind and the service of themselves. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

ADMIRERS OF THE clear, strong thought and admirable English style of the late Canon H. P. Liddon will welcome his posthumous "Clerical Life and Work," which is a collection of sermons treating of various aspects of the minister's calling. Although most of the sermons have been reprinted in various periodicals, yet those clergymen who think it is never too late to mend, and who believe in maintaining high ideals, as well as the clerical beginners who wish to know the secret of power, will welcome this comely volume. The sermons were collected and arranged by Dr. Liddon himself, and he chose the title under which they are reprinted. The moral groundwork, the inner life, the motives, the secret of power of the preacher are here discussed by a master in the metropolis of English-speaking Christendom. In other papers he presents the work and prospects of theological colleges, the example of Christ, the moral value of a mission, and in the three closing papers of the fourteen pictures in luminous phrase the lives of Wilberforce, Keble and Pusey. (Longmans, Green & Co.)—THE "SELECTION from the Writings of Dean Stanley," edited by the Rev. A. S. Aglen of St. Andrew's, is a well-printed volume of about 425 pages. The passages are happily chosen, and are grouped under the heads, "Biblical Characters and Scenes," "Glimpses into Ecclesiastical History," "Aspects of Religious Life and Thought," "Descriptive Pieces" and "Miscellaneous." A good general index is added, with another for the Scriptural quotations and allusions in the book. An admirable portrait of Stanley forms the frontispiece. The publication is made with the sanction of the Dean's relatives and his literary executor, Sir George Grove. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Fiction

IN "A FLASH OF SUMMER," Mrs. W. K. Clifford has written a good, old-fashioned novel, with a virtuous but unhappy heroine, a manly hero who possesses all the conventional merits, and a villain who is a more terrifying ogre than any giant that haunted our childish imaginations. It is only necessary to add that, before the perfect hero appears upon the scene, the lovely heroine falls into the clutches of the ogre, being forced to marry him by a hard and unsympathetic uncle, who glowers in the background of the tragedy. The toils cast around the innocent victim and her struggles to free herself from them form the material of the novel; but the fact that when the true knight appears she is posing as an unmarried woman smirches somewhat the whiteness of her robe. She is, of course, dragged unwillingly into such a false position—that is the way with heroines—and it should not be allowed to color our admiration of her in the least. It throws our sympathy, however, upon the hero, unblemished as he is, for he finds the heroine far more fascinating than we do. Moreover, he is not at all disconcerted, only grieved, when he learns that he has been deceived—a situation which certainly puts to the proof his unselfish and forgiving nature. Mrs. Clifford shows skill in unwinding her plot, but none at all in portraying character. The best thing in the book is the highly melodramatic finale, in which the unhappy heroine, still further tortured by the extinction of the perfect hero, is discovered and recaptured by the pitiless ogre. One can almost see the gleam of his teeth and hear his malign, grating laugh as the curtain falls. (D. Appleton & Co.)

"YOUNG WEST," by Solomon Schindler, is intended by its author as a sequel to Mr. Bellamy's "Looking Backward," the hero being the son of Julian West. It is the author's object to set forth some details about the socialistic community which Mr. Bellamy had omitted, but which Mr. Schindler deems essential to a complete picture. It is written in autobiographical form, and tells the story of the hero from the time when, as a very young child, he was sent to a public nursery, till his retirement from active life. Several chapters are devoted to a description of the system of education in the socialistic state, which, as here exhibited, is certainly no improvement on that now in vogue; and we are then told how Young West fell in love with one girl and married another, how he entered and found his true place in the industrial army, how he made a wonderful hygienic invention, and how, at last, he was raised to the presidency of the socialistic republic. The book, as a whole, leaves an even more disagreeable impression on the reader's mind than does "Looking Backward," for it has not the interest of novelty as that had, and the people that appear in it are quite as vapid and unattractive as Mr. Bellamy's puppets—they could not be more so. They are exclusively devoted, as all socialists are, to material good; they have no religion at all, being avowed agnostics, and yet are so superstitious that

they are nearly frightened out of their wits by the appearance of a comet. Taking it all in all, we do not think that Mr. Schindler's book will increase the popularity of socialism among intelligent men. (Arena Pub. Co.)

NOT EVEN "Trilby" has sold a million copies yet. The man who can accomplish this for his books is not to be lightly despised, merely because he publishes in paper covers emblazoned with *outré* titles. Albert Ross has this distinction, and has won it by writing for the plain people. He is a successor to the Rev. E. P. Roe, and his subjects are in consequence the emotions which are experienced by the average man. The struggles of factory-girls, the marital infelicities of the man who makes a fortune out of a patent baking-powder, these are the subjects which we must believe are suited to the taste of the million. A writer with so great a public must be conscientious, for he wields a powerful weapon, and we have read Mr. Ross's work to be convinced that he appreciates his responsibilities. To us his books fail of interest, however, but then, we have never invented a baking-powder, nor even purveyed an agreeable gargle, nor yet, for that matter, have our literary lucubrations been read and thumbed by a million of our fellow-citizens—so probably it makes little difference whether we like Mr. Ross and his work or not. These reflections have been brought home to us by that author's study in the eccentric entitled "Out of Wedlock," and we take the trouble to record them, despite the fact that Mr. Ross's publisher has been kind enough to supply us with a ready-made and judicious review of that estimable story. (G. W. Dillingham.)

THE NOVELS OF Richard Henry Savage are vulgar enough to be extremely cheap and clamantly popular. They are all about gentlemen of the most distinguished fashion, who sip *cognac* at all hours of the day, and to that end drive about town in cabs from one gilded saloon to another, varying their emotions by visits to shrinking girls in convents, and eating *raffiné* suppers thereafter, or in killing Apaches with *grogards* of the Old Guard. Of course, only the very most popular novelists could be so familiar with French as Mr. Savage would have us to understand he is. Why, we have opened his last book, "A Daughter of Judas," at random to count eight French words on a single page, and is not that the test of the most purely romantic literature? (F. Tennyson Neely.)—THE FORMULA USED BY W. Heimbürg in the construction of her novels has proved to be most efficacious; therefore she wisely continues to use it. Her new story, "For Another's Wrong," contains all the ingredients of the formula in their right proportions, and consequently the result is exactly what the author intended it to be: a readable story for those who love to read of noble ladies in distress, and of their final happiness and prosperity. (Robert Bonner's Sons.)

"HER FAIR FAME," by Edgar Fawcett, tells the story of a young girl whose guardian desires her for his wife. He begs a friend to intercede with her for him, but as these two are desperately in love with each other, the interview results in their deciding to brave the guardian's displeasure and be married. They go off to Paris and have a terrible struggle for life. There the guardian finds them, and promises the wife to help her husband, provided she will consent to leave him without a word of explanation. That is his way of avenging himself. She agrees, and the delectable guardian allows the most scandalous stories to be circulated about her, thinking that in that way he can make her husband repudiate her, and force her into his own arms. His plans are well laid, but fail of accomplishment. It is a preposterous plot, stupidly conceived and more stupidly carried out. (Merrill & Baker.)—"DR. JANET OF HARLEY STREET" is called upon to befriend a young woman who has run away from her husband immediately after the marriage ceremony. Dr. Janet gives her a medical education and trains her to become her assistant. Then the woman and Dr. Janet's brother fall in love with each other, but the husband is an obstacle. They go through many vicissitudes, and suffer keenly before that obstacle is removed, but it all ends happily at last. The story is by Arabella Kenealy, and, if it were not quite so crude and so sensational, it would be rather attractive. (D. Appleton & Co.)

ELEANOR C. PRICE'S "In the Lion's Mouth" is a fair illustration of the story of adventure that lacks genius. Two English children go to France at the opening of the Revolution. They play the usual rôle among overheard plots, carry news to their friends, the household of the Comte de Mercy, get into stirring

adventures simply to fill space, miss death by a hair, and so on. The boy ends by marrying a daughter of the house of Mercy, while the girl remains devoted to the memory of a youth whom she rejected in the flesh, and gave his life to save hers. The art of the book is commonplace. It reminds one of what a clever young man at Harvard once said about reading the *Duchess*. "It is like munching peanuts; you are not particularly interested, but you want to get to the bottom of the bag." (Macmillan & Co.)—"SEVEN LITTLE AUSTRALIANS," by Ethel T. Turner, is built up on the lines of Miss Alcott's "Little Women." These seven live with their father and his second wife, who is scarcely twenty years old and is the mother of the youngest only, the other six having belonged to the first wife. Still, on the step-mother falls the task of rearing them, although she is almost too young for the burden. They are not bad, however, only mischievous, and the account of their many escapades is rather amusing. The story is illustrated. (Ward, Lock & Bowden.)—DIALECT STORIES, unless true genius be their excuse for being, should have a much-needed rest. The reading public has been afflicted with them *ad nauseam* and can stand very little more. "On Cloud Mountain," by Frederick Thickstrum Clark, belongs to a most inferior class of such stories. Its scene is laid in the far West, and it deals with very uninteresting people. (Harper & Bros.)

FLORENCE TRAIL'S "Under the Second Renaissance" is weak in construction and uninteresting in theme, about as poor a story as one could well imagine. A Southern girl, belonging to a family deeply prejudiced against that kind of thing, leaves home to go on the stage, and makes a marvellously successful début. The next day, hearing that her brother is desperately ill at home, she forfeits her engagement and goes back to see him. The family ignore her début, ask her no questions about her stage life, and conclude from her return that she has made a failure. The usual love-affair develops, and, to rid herself of its complications, she returns to the stage. Her lover follows her, the end being that finally they are married in the face of the violent opposition of all his friends. He is represented as enjoying her triumphs, however, and she as acting entirely for him. (Buffalo: C. W. Moulton.)—MARGARET LEE has written two stories and published them in one volume, and it is really hard to tell which is the duller or the less interesting. "A Brighton Night" is the worn-out theme of a rich girl who is perfectly discontented because she thinks that the whole world is running after her on account of her money, and that no one really loves her for herself. She and a friend decide to spend the summer together in a place where they are unknown, and agree to change places temporarily, in the hope of finding out who is loyal and who is not. Of course the right man behaves as he should. "A Brooklyn Bachelor" is the story of a man whose self-satisfaction and conceit were impenetrable. Nothing could induce him to marry, because he was such a superior person from every point of view that no woman was worthy to bear his name and share his home. He had so much to offer, and the women he had known had nothing; how could he be expected to unbend to them? He does, though, and when he least expects it. (Lovell, Coryell & Co.)

THE LIVELINESS of the author of "A Social Departure" and "An American Girl in London" is well known to Mrs. Everard Cotes's many readers, and to them it is scarcely necessary to say that her new book, called "Vernon's Aunt," is entertaining. The Oriental experiences of Miss Lavina Moffat are here set forth by the excellent and enterprising spinster of that ilk, who, after a life-time (with all gallantry to the lady we say it) spent within the narrow confines of a rural English parish, suddenly determines to visit a nephew who is deputy conservator of a forest district in India. Probably Miss Moffat had not read Mr. Kipling's "Jungle Stories," for she seems to have regarded India as a sort of dessicated blue-book, as all good Europeans did before Kipling, despite Macaulay; at all events, she set out with the same placid expectation of conventionalities one might anticipate *en route* to a garden party. Her landing at a railway station on the border of the forest, alone and unprotected, is inimitable. That she was met by an elephant and requested to mount unto the howdah, for all the world as if it were a mere pony carriage, was an experience startling in itself, but more wonderful things were still in store for Miss Moffat, and Mrs. Cotes edits her experiences with the utmost good humor. We will not deprive anyone of the evening's surprises that await the reader of this book, but we hope that we have said enough to make it understood that Mrs. Cotes is here to be found at her very best. (D. Appleton & Co.)

"History for Ready Reference"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

I wish to thank you for your kind review of my "History for Ready Reference," but in self-defence must call your attention to one oversight on the part of the reviewer. The article on "Guilds," which is pointed at as being defective because "there should be [in it] an excerpt from Prof. Gross's Guild-Merchant," is taken, in fact, mostly from that work, and was submitted to Prof. Gross before publication. See top of second column, p. 1617. The credit to Prof. Gross is hidden, in a manner, behind two minor quotations, and was easily overlooked.

BUFFALO, 26 Feb., 1895.

J. N. LARNED.

Contractions in English Copy

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

A letter that I recently found it necessary to send you was written, as my copy and that of all practical journalists in England always is, with various contractions. You printed it literatim, as if you had never seen contractions used in matter written for the printer, and were much astonished, or supposed that it was a singular personal eccentricity of mine. If you did not in fact know, you will be interested to know that it is the custom of this country. I have asked ten different Editors who are in the habit of receiving my copy and printing correctly (that is, as I evidently intended to be printed) the matter sent, whether the degree to which I use contractions in copy for the press is at all unusual. I enclose you the replies of editorial authorities who see MSS. on so great a scale as Sir G. Newnes of *The Strand Magazine*, Mr. Lawrence of *The Sun*, Mr. Dislee of *The Daily Chronicle* and others, who, as you will perceive, all state that the contractions that I use are customary; and the same is the answer of all the ten whom I have consulted. I shall be obliged by your publishing this, to disabuse your readers' minds of whatever impression you may have given them by your printing my previous letter so improperly. If American journalists do in fact not employ contractions as a rule, the news that such are recognized here and save much time and labor will be of general interest.

LONDON, 19 Feb., '95. FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

[The other editors referred to by Mrs. Fenwick-Miller are Mr. Shorter of *The Illustrated London News*, and Mr. Stead. EDS. THE CRITIC.]

Elizabeth A. S. Dawes, Litt.D.

THE FIRST WOMAN to obtain the degree of Doctor of Literature from the London University is Miss Dawes, who won this signal honor with a dissertation on "The Pronunciation of the Greek Aspirates." It is said that the examiners discovered in the course of the *colloquium doctum*, as it is called in Germany, that Miss Dawes's knowledge of the subject was much deeper and broader than even her paper suggested. She is the daughter of the Rev. J. S. Dawes, D.D., of Surbiton, a well-known educator, and received much of her training from him. In 1881 she obtained first place in the open classical examination at Girton College, but, being under eighteen, was adjudged by the authorities of that institution too young for the scholarship.

In the following year, however, she was elected to the Lady Stanley Scholarship, with the result that three years later she was placed in the second class of the classical tripos.

Meanwhile the indefatigable student had been passing the examinations of London University. In 1882 she was placed in the first division of the intermediate, with the prize for German, and in 1885 she passed the full B. A. with honors in Greek and Latin. Two years later she was fifth on the list of M. A.'s, in the classical branch of the examination, and in 1889 passed first in mediæval and modern French and German, in order to qualify for the degree she has just attained. The portrait of Miss Dawes given here is from the *Tribune*, which reproduced it from the *London Queen*. Miss Dawes's elder sister, it is interesting to note, Miss Mary E. Dawes, was the first woman to take the degree of M. A. at the same institution.



The Day of the Dead

(In Japan)

["The distance to the other world is 3,600,000,000 miles, nevertheless the spirit comes back every year on the night of July 15, which is the Japanese *jour des morts*. On that night fires are lighted before the doors of those who have lost their friends, and lanterns are suspended in the *shoji* to guide them home."—Sir Edwin Arnold, in *Scribner's*.]

I wait for a day—

Not this which my glad neighbors keep.

One passed me but now on the road,

With the babe at her shoulders asleep—

Mine once bore as willing a load!

She will lift him, awaking, to see

How the great air-fish struggle and swim;

He is fair—but a fairer than he

I have known, of a goodlier limb.

I wait for a day!

Through the doors of the city ajar

Floats laughter like bird on the wing;

They sing to the three-stringed guitar,

And dance to the measures they sing;

But never a foot in the gloom

Keeps time by my desolate hearth,

And the silence that cries in my room

Is louder than music or mirth.

I wait for a day

Climbing slow from the gate of the hills,

In the white dome of noon till it stand,

Then, turning by valleys and rills,

Its shadows trail long o'er the land.

Ah! the lotus and lily will know

And lisp to the stream as it rolls,

And the moon of midsummer hang low

To lighten the pathway of souls!

I wait for an hour

When the watch-fire shall leap at my door,

Leaves rustle, but not with the breeze,

And a perfume no flower ever bore,

Breathe soft through the tremulous trees—

By a touch that is finer than sense,

In a voice that is clearer than sound—

Soul to soul, in a rapture intense—

O child of my love, thou art found!

MARY A. P. STANSBURY.

Mr. Howells on Tourgueneff

(From *The Ladies Home Journal*)

IN THOSE YEARS at Cambridge my most notable literary experience without doubt was the knowledge of Tourguénief's novels, which began to be recognized in all their greatness about the middle seventies. I think they made their way with such of our public as were able to appreciate them before they were accepted in England; but that does not matter. It is enough for the present purpose that "Smoke" and "Lisa" and "On the Eve" and "Dimitri Roudine" and "Spring Floods" passed one after another through my hands, and that I formed for their author one of the profoundest literary passions of my life. I now think that there is a finer and truer method than his, but in its way, Tourguénief's method is as far as art can go. That is to say, his fiction is to the last degree dramatic. The persons are sparsely described, and briefly accounted for, and then they are left to transact their affair, whatever it is, with the least possible comment or explanation from the author. The effect flows naturally from their characters, and when they have done or said a thing, you conjecture why, as unerringly as you would if they were people whom you knew outside of a book. I had already conceived the possibility of this from Björnson, who practices the same method, but I was still too sunken in the gross darkness of English fiction to rise to a full consciousness of its excellence. When I remembered the deliberate and impertinent moralizing of Thackeray, the clumsy exegesis of George Eliot, the knowing nods and winks of Charles Reade, the stage-carpentering and lime-lighting of Dickens, even the fine and important analysis of Hawthorne, it was with a joyful astonishment that I realized the great art of Tourguénief.

Here was a master who was apparently not trying to work out a plot, who was not even trying to work out a character, but was stand-

ing aside from the whole affair, and letting the characters work the plot out. The method was revealed perfectly in "Smoke," but each successive book of his that I read was a fresh proof of its truth, a revelation of its transcendent superiority. I think now that I exaggerated its value somewhat; but this was inevitable in the first surprise. The sane aesthetics of the first Russian author I read, however, have seemed more and more an essential part of the sane ethics of all the Russians I have read. It was not only that Tourguénief had painted life truly, but that he painted conscientiously.

Mme. Réjane and M. Sarcey

WE PRESENT HERewith an extract from a very vivid sketch of Mme. Réjane by Dauphin Meunier, which was published in the first number of *The Yellow Book*, wherein appeared also Aubrey Beardsley's suggestive portrait of the distinguished actress.



Her very name is suggestive; it seems to share in the odd turn of her wit, the sauciness of her face, the tang of her voice; for Réjane's real name is Reju. Doesn't it sound like a nick-name, especially invented for this child of the greenroom? "Réjane" calls up to us the fanciful actress—fanciful, but studious, conscientious, impassioned for her art; "Madame Réjane" has rather a grand air; but Reju makes such a funny face at her.

I picture to myself the little Reju, scarcely out of her cradle, but already cunningly mischievous, fired with an immense curiosity about the world behind the scenes, and dreaming of herself as leading lady. She hears of nothing, she talks of nothing, but the Theatre. And presently her inevitable calling, her manifest destiny, takes its first step towards realization. She is admitted into the class of Regnier, the famous sociétaire of the Théâtre-Français. Thenceforth the pupil makes steady progress. At the age of fifteen, she obtains an honorable mention for comedy at the Conservatoire; the following year she divides a second prize with Mademoiselle Samary. But what am I saying? Only a second prize? Let us see.

To-day, as then, though twenty years have passed, there is no possibility of success, no chance of getting an engagement, for a pupil on leaving the Conservatoire, unless a certain all-powerful critic, supreme judge, arbiter beyond appeal, sees fit to pronounce a decision confirming the verdict of the Examining Jury. This extraordinary man holds the future of each candidate in the palm of his fat and heavy hand. Fame and fortune are contained in his inkstand, and determined by his articles. He is both Pope and King. The Jury proposes, he disposes. The Jury reigns, he governs. He smiles or frowns, the Jury bows its head. The pupils tremble before their Masters; the Masters tremble before this monstrous Fetish—for the Public thinks with him, and sees only through his spectacles; and no star can shine till his short sight has discovered it. This puissant astronomer is Monsieur Francisque Sarcey.

Against his opinion the newspapers can raise no voice, for he alone edits them all. He writes thirty articles a day, each of which is thirty times reprinted, thrice thirty times quoted from. He is, as it were, the Press in person. And presently the momentous

hour arrived when the delicate and sprightly pupil of Regnier was to appear before this enormous and somnolent mass, and to thrill it with pleasure. For Monsieur Sarcey smiled upon and applauded Réjane's debut at the Conservatoire. He consecrated to her as many as fifty lines of intelligent criticism; and I pray to Heaven they may be remembered to his credit on the Day of Judgment. Here they are, in that two-penny half-penny style of his, so dear to the readers of *Le Temps*:—

"I own that, for my part, I should have willingly awarded to the latter (Mademoiselle Réjane) a first prize. It seems to me that she deserved it. But the Jury is frequently influenced by extrinsic and private motives, into which it is not permitted to pry. A first prize carries with it the right of entrance into the Comédie Française; and the Jury did not think Mademoiselle Réjane, with her little wide-awake face, suited to the vast frame of the House of Molière. That is well enough; but the second prize which it awarded her, authorizes the Director of the Odéon to receive her into his company; and that perspective alone ought to have sufficed to dissuade the Jury from the course it took. * * * Everyone knows that at present the Odéon is, for a beginner, a most indifferent school. * * * Instead of shoving its promising pupils into it by the shoulders, the Conservatoire should forbid them to approach it, lest they should be lost there. What will Mademoiselle Réjane do at the Odéon? Show her legs in 'La Jeunesse de Louis XIV.,' which is to be revived at the opening of the season! A pretty state of things. She must either go to the Vaudeville or to the Gymnase. It is there that she will form herself; it is there that she will learn her trade, show what she is capable of, and prepare herself for the Comédie Française, if she is ever to enter it. * * * She recited a fragment from 'Les Trois Sultanes.' * * * I was delighted by her choice. The 'Trois Sultanes' is so little known nowadays. * * * What wit there is in her look, her smile! With her small eyes, shrewd and piercing, with her little face thrust forward, she has so knowing an air, one is inclined to smile at the mere sight of her. Does she perhaps show a little too much assurance? What of it? 'Tis the result of excessive timidity. But she laughs with such good grace, she has so fresh and true a voice, she articulates so clearly, she seems so happy to be alone and to have talent, that involuntarily one thinks of Chénier's line:—'Sa bienvenue au jour lui rit dans tous les yeux.' * * * I shall be surprised if she does not make her way."

Federal Architecture

ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT GEORGE B. POST AT THE ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE'S ANNUAL DINNER, FEB. 13

IT IS USUAL at the stated meetings of the League to appoint a subject for discussion, and that selected for this evening, "The Architecture of the Federal Government," is eminently appropriate for this time, for the attention of the public has been of late most forcibly directed by the press to the disgraceful character of the architecture of the Government—and for this place, for the members of the League have been most prominent in showing its glaring defects and extravagant construction. It is the proud boast of the architect that his work forms the most positive and enduring evidence of civilization. For thousands of years the pyramids, tombs and monuments of Egypt have stood, an unquestioned evidence of the science and art of the age of the Ptolemies. The Parthenon and the remains of the Acropolis are continued proof of the unrivaled refinement of the Athenian people, the Colosseum, Pantheon and Forum remain superb exhibits of the magnificent civilization of ancient Rome; the works of the Renaissance form perfect illustrations of the advance from the dark ages to a higher civilization, and the public buildings of modern Europe will give no mean evidence of the skill, science and art of the present generations. In all countries and at all times the government has been the builder. When the Church formed part and parcel of the state, the temple, basilica and cathedral assumed a prominent place among the public buildings, but the rulers of the land were still the great builders. Is the American Architect so far behind the world in professional skill, that our public buildings must of necessity be bad in design, vulgar in detail, and extravagant in construction? The magnificent work done for separate states, for individuals and corporations, the great object lesson of the "White City" of Chicago, prove the absurdity of the supposition.

The Capitol at Washington and the Treasury Building are works of which the nation may well be proud. Why should they be almost the only examples for which we can find a word of praise? The fault does not lie with the people, for over \$100,000,000 have been appropriated and expended by the Treasury

Department alone during the last four decades. It does not lie with the architects of the land, for they have given abundant proof of their ability. It cannot be charged to incapacity on the part of the supervising architects of the Treasury Department, for able men have held the office. Until the inauguration of the present system, the architecture of the Government was rarely positively bad, and sometimes good. Since the inauguration of the system it has been almost uniformly and positively bad. This is proof conclusive that the system itself is radically and fundamentally wrong. It is proof that architecture must be treated as a fine art, not a mere business; that a successful design must be the result of the concentrated effort of one mind; that the moment the demands on the controlling mind are such that his proper functions have to be delegated to subordinates, in that moment all art leaves the work, and it becomes flat, stale and unprofitable. Thomas U. Walter felt this, when, employed as architect for the Capitol extension by the United States Engineer in charge, he made the general designs for the Treasury Building, but declined to take charge of its construction, because he found his faculties engrossed by the work on the Capitol. W. A. Potter felt the impossibility of successful effort, as is seen by his reports; Mr. Hill made similar reports, but still the work went on by the same plan. If the United States Engineers were so successful with some of the work entrusted to them, why not return to the old system? The answer is simple and conclusive. Forty years ago, the architect had no status in the community. He was neither recognized as an artist requiring special technical education, nor as in any way necessary to secure a good result. The educated architects of the country could be counted on four fingers; their rewards were small, and their opportunities were smaller.

Now the skilled architects are numbered by the thousands, their services are in constant demand, and they are not begrudged a fair remuneration for their labor. I say positively and without fear of contradiction that no man of Mr. Walter's recognized ability could be now found who would accept an appointment with the conditions and restrictions by which he was hampered when in charge of the Capitol extension. A committee of three from the profession at large, composed entirely of members of this League, has worked for months with untiring devotion and restless energy to secure the passage of an act of Congress, substituting the work of architects of reputation and experience for that of the irresponsible draftsmen of the Treasury Department. Secretary of the Treasury Carlisle has himself approved of the plan, and Assistant Secretary Curtis has been its constant and earnest friend. The public, wherever heard from, north, south, east and west, has united to express its interests. The press has supported it with hardly a dissenting voice. Congress seems almost unanimous in its favor, but

"Every rose has its thorn."

A gentleman from Alabama, by accident in position to prevent present action on the bill, has refused peremptorily to have it considered by the present Congress, declaring that it is "bad legislation," because, forsooth! "it would render it possible to construct the buildings for which Congress may make appropriations, and in his opinion the country is not in financial position to indulge in the luxury of building." Thus the strongest practical argument in favor of the bill is used as an excuse to prevent its passage. The Committee is disappointed, not discouraged. The hard work done this year will make that of the next more easy. And until the end is gained, I know that I express your unanimous determination when I say that the work shall never cease. Give our architects the opportunity to design and construct the Government buildings (and I predict that such opportunity will be given in the near future), and they will do work which your children's children may show with pride as the best evidence of the high development of American civilization in the latter part of the nineteenth century.

The Lounger

MR. L. J. VANCE MAKES an earnest plea in *The Writer* for "payment on acceptance" of manuscripts. There is much to be said in favor of his argument, but his illustration is not altogether a happy one. "If," he writes, "a shoemaker makes a pair of shoes and exposes them in his window for sale, and a customer sees them, likes them, and says after he tries them on, 'I'll take this pair of shoes; they are a good fit,' does the customer keep the shoes six months and then return to the shoemaker and say, 'I'll pay you now for those shoes I bought of you last July'? Not at all. If the shoemaker is not of a trustful and confiding

nature, he will insist that the customer pay for his shoes when he buys and accepts them." You ask the shoemaker how true this is, and he will turn to his books and show you an array of unpaid accounts that will make you think writing not so bad a calling after all.

* * *

THE LONDON *Times's* gain is our loss. That Mr. Smalley is coming to America to write New York letters to the London *Times*, instead of staying in London and writing London letters to the New York *Tribune*, is a source of sincere regret to me and to a great many others as well. While I am far from agreeing with all that Mr. Smalley says in his letters, I find them always readable, and the most interesting that come to any American daily paper from London. They are the first thing that I turn to in the *Tribune*, because they touch upon the topics in which I am most interested, and whatever may be their faults of opinion, little fault can be found with their style. It will be hard to find a man to fill Mr. Smalley's place adequately after he relinquishes it on June 1.

* * *

IT IS, HOWEVER, HIGH TIME for American affairs to receive more consideration at the hands of London newspapers, not only for the sake of Americans abroad, but for the sake of the country at large. Heretofore the representative of the *Times* in this country has been a man in Philadelphia, whose daily cablegrams consisted of from six to a dozen lines, in which he noted the fluctuations of gold and the latest case of lynching. That the average Englishman thinks the United States in a stage of semi-barbarism is not to be wondered at. If only the crimes of England were published in our newspapers, we should not have a much better opinion of that country. I have often wondered why no London daily sent a correspondent to this country, and asked the question of certain London editors when I was in that city last summer. The only answer I received was that it wouldn't pay, that there were not enough Americans in England to be interested, and that the English themselves were indifferent on the subject. Now it seems that the *Times* is of another opinion. In my judgment it has done a wise thing, and I will venture to predict that it will not be long before other London papers will follow its lead in this respect. If the *Chronicle* is not the next to set up an American representative, I shall be surprised.

* * *

IT IS EXTRAORDINARY that a man who can write decent prose, who, has, possibly, a certain amount of literary style, may write drivelling idiocy when he attempts poetry. A friend has sent me some verses printed in a church paper in this city, and written by the rector of the church. It is called "The Christmas Wedding—the Rector's Christmas Greeting to ———'s Flock." Here are two stanzas out of the six:—

"But where are our thoughts?
And where are our walks?
And where are our works?
With His Cross?
Compare each we can't!
To feeble our plant!
Not straight we now slant!
With His Cross!"

And yet the author of this doggerel is a D.D., an LL.D. and a D.C.L. The italics are his.

* * *

THERE HAS BEEN A GREAT DEAL of talk about "log-rolling" in certain literary circles of London, so much so, that one of the accused, Mr. John Lane of the Bodley Head, has this startling announcement in bold type over his page of advertisements in *The Athenaeum*:—

"The New Log-Rolling.

"The following extracts are warranted not to have been written by Mr. Le Gallienne, Mr. Grant Allen, Mr. Arthur Waugh or any other alleged Log-Roller."

Then follow a number of extracts from reviews of Mr. Lane's publications from the pens of other reviewers than the foregoing. Clever Mr. Lane. There is nothing that comes his way that cannot be turned to advertising account. Praise or blame, it matters little.

* * *

THE FRENCH ARE rapidly getting over their prejudices, so far as Germany is concerned. They have for some time past called Wagner "adorable," and now they have taken Sudermann to their hearts, Sarah Bernhardt having played "Heimath." It is interesting to note in this connection that Mme. Duse is giving

the same play in Italy. In his weekly *revue dramatique* in the *Journal des Débats*, by the way, Jules Lemaitre says that he does not think that "Heimath" gives indications of genius, but that it shows a great talent, and has been constructed with rare skill. A Sudermann craze is about to burst upon us, and the Messrs. Appleton are fortunate in having a story of his, "The Wish," about ready for publication.

AN INTERESTING PAPER MIGHT BE WRITTEN upon coincidences in art and letters, and some incidents which would serve as striking illustrations have not yet been brought to the attention of the public. A year ago, for some unexplained reason, the whole music world seemed to turn to Berlioz, and his "Damnation of Faust" was produced in many of the leading cities of this country and of Europe. Another year, perhaps, it will be Rossini's "Stabat Mater" that engages the attention of the choral societies. No one can tell what influence leads to this similarity in choice. We are at present in the midst of a wide-spread Napoleon revival, which seems to have had a separate and unrelated origin in France, England and America. While the conductors of *The Century* could not foresee the present attitude of the public, their attention was directed toward Napoleon a half dozen years ago, when their present history was projected.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS FURNISHES ANOTHER CASE in point. Messrs. Harper announce for their magazine an anonymous story, "Joan of Arc," which is supposed to have been written by her page and secretary. Mary Hartwell Catherwood has for two years been engaged upon a romance, the title and heroine of which is "Jeanne D'Arc," and this is to be published in *The Century*. Moreover, the news has come from England that Andrew Lang has begun an historical romance, "A Monk of Fife," and that he, too, seeks his inspiration in the career of La Pucelle.

THE TWO AMERICAN MAGAZINES IN STILL another case have an unconscious likeness. *Harper's* has just published a serial, "Princess Aline," by Richard Harding Davis, with illustrations by C. D. Gibson. *The Century* has had for some time, and will begin in a month or two, a serial story by Miss Julia Magruder, "Princess Sonia," which will also be illustrated by Gibson. Although written long before "Trilby," like that book it describes the art-students' life in Paris, but from the woman's point of view. The principal characters, aside from the Princess, are American girls.

London Letter

OBVIOUSLY IT IS A NECESSARY COURSE that the country-keeping author should visit London from season to season. It gives just the requisite spice to his reputation. To talk to the successful novelist nowadays, you would imagine that distinction is altogether a matter of circulation, and circulation, we know, is stimulated by newspaper paragraphs. Now, the paragraph feeds upon presence. An admirable case in point is Mr. S. R. Crockett. I do not mean to imply, of course, that Mr. Crockett is worried about the number of his editions, or any triviality of that sort; those who know Mr. Crockett, know him as an artist, and worthy of an artist's praise. But the stimulus which his visit to London this last fortnight has given to the paragraphist is really extraordinary; there has not been a journal but has been spangled with his name. At the present moment, I regret to say, he is lying at Morley's Hotel, Charing Cross, beset by an attack of influenza, which is raging to destruction throughout town. The attack, however, is not a serious one, and Mr. Crockett is likely to be well enough to get off to Italy in a few days. Meanwhile, the week before he was taken ill was crowded with activities sufficient, in very truth, to send most men to the sick-room. He was at the first meeting of the Carlyle House Restoration Fund, and made a speech. It seems, by the bye, that this scheme is now safely established, and that the Carlylean Treasure-house will be a thing of the immediate future. At any rate, Mr. Crockett was at the meeting, and gave a picturesque address. Not so much argumentative as reminiscent, he touched on sundry boyish adventures—"When longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,"—stories of his pursuit of Carlyle, in days when he felt that to look upon the Sage was to be healed. One hears of perpetual parties in Mr. Crockett's honor, moreover, and this morning's *British Weekly* is resplendent with an illustrated interview. In this there is one interesting fact. We learn—most of us, I fancy, for the first time—that Mr. Crockett began literary life as a London journalist before he embraced the

ministry. He tells a good story of how he was sent to interview a prominent politician, and, failing to get word with him, received his *congé* from the indignant editor. In those days he used to attend Spurgeon's Tabernacle, and was an eager listener to Canon Liddon's sermons. In other words, he was laying the foundation of both sides of his career. But we must pass to other topics, and leave Mr. Crockett to his southward journey, undertaken, it is said, partly in the cause of "local color." One last word. It is written and printed with authority that Mr. Crockett has undertaken work which will last him till the end of the century. In every case, English and American serial and book rights are assigned for the whole of that period, and Mr. Crockett has only to deliver his "copy" on time. Some people may think it a glittering prospect, but more will condole with him. Surely, there can be no crueler penalty of success than the necessity of production against odds for a space of five full years. It must need no little pluck to look forward under circumstances such as these.

Yesterday I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Zangwill, who is just resting after a heavy bout of work upon "The Master." The scheme by which *To-Day* reserves to itself the exclusive right in its serials for six months after their appearance in the journal, would seem likely to prove a genuine boon to the author. It gives him time, for example, to reconsider. Ever since "The Master" ran in serial form, Mr. Zangwill has been busy revising it; and it is not too much to say that, when the book appears, it will be found to have been practically rewritten. So far as I know, Mr. Gilbert Parker is the only other novelist of "the younger generation" who has had the care to remould a story between its serial and book publication. As it touches artistic topics, "The Master" will be brought out before the opening of the Royal Academy—probably somewhere about the middle of April. At present Mr. Zangwill is greatly occupied with the troubles of the lecturer. He hopes to visit America during the autumn, and is meanwhile "starring" in the provinces: to-morrow he lectures at Birmingham. A week or two ago he had a lively experience at Glasgow. The night after his lecture, he turned into the local theatre to see "A Gaiety Girl." It happened to be "Students' Night," a terminal occasion upon which the whole of the upper part of the house is taken by the undergraduates, who keep high revelry with song and personality during the acts. In one of these intervals, Mr. Zangwill was espied in his box, and there was at once a tremendous ovation. "Zangwill! Speech!" came from every corner. The novelist, however, insisted on remaining silent. Thereupon the editors of the *University Journal* visited the box and secured an interview, which duly appeared the following week. It was intended that at the end of the piece Mr. Zangwill should be drawn in his carriage through the town, but he escaped by a side-door and reached home unobserved. He seems to have entered thoroughly into the fun of the thing, which must, nevertheless, have been somewhat disconcerting.

In my last week's letter there were certain comments on Ian Maclaren's confidences to a *Daily Chronicle* interviewer. Since that letter was posted, Mr. Maclaren has written to the paper, explaining that, owing to the difficulties of reporting, some of his remarks came out in print very differently from his own thought and intention, and that his views of literature were but inadequately represented by his published expressions. I, therefore, gladly take the first opportunity of recording his disavowal. The interview, no doubt, has much to answer for. It resembles the press opinions quoted in a publisher's advertisement. By a "neat rearrangement of epitaphs" you can make anything mean its opposite with the utmost facility. One of the literary papers contained this week an "authoritative" denial of an alleged report that Mr. Astor was proposing to discontinue *The Pall Mall Magazine*, and added that this is so far from being the case, that Mr. Astor is "particularly well satisfied with his very successful experiment." The paper in question, one fancies, is guilty of the fallacy of raising a rumor for the sheer joy of rebutting it. For if there has been any report about the discontinuance of *The Pall Mall Magazine*, it has been confined to a very small area. On the other hand, there have been persistent rumors with regard to *The Pall Mall Budget*, which, it was said early this week, was to be dropped within three months of the present date. I have every reason, however, for believing that there is no definite ground at present for any such report, and that the "authorities" in question have come to no final decision whatever.

The Annual Meeting of the Incorporated Society of Authors took place on Monday, the new chairman, Mr. W. Martin Conway, presiding. The most important motion on the boards stood in the name of Mr. Hall Caine, and took the shape of a vote of

censure upon the Canadian Copyright Bill. It was seconded by Mr. Rider Haggard, and, as an outcome of the meeting, the Society is preparing a petition which will be signed by every author and publisher available, protesting against the proposed innovation. Both Mr. Caine and Mr. Haggard spoke with sound reason and considerable eloquence. Mr. John Lane, who starts for America next month, entertained Ye Odde Volumes, and other men-of-letters, at a *salon* in the Albany on Friday night. Among those present were Theodore Watts, Cosmo Monkhouse, Dr. Richard Garnett, Walter Crane, Alfred East, William Watson, Sidney Lee, John Davidson, Aubrey Beardsley and a number of others whose names are more or less connected with the Bodley Head or its kindred interests. Mr. Lane's rooms shone daintily with bookshelves, over which were many interesting originals from the pens of Mr. Beardsley, Mr. Sickert and other artists of the "new school." It was a thoroughly sociable occasion.

Several successful plays are on the point of winding up their careers. After a year of popularity, "The New Boy" will be withdrawn from the Vaudeville in a week to make room for a new farce by the same author. "A Fatal Card," at the Adelphi, is also approaching its last night. Mr. Haddon Chambers and Mr. Ralph Lumley are to supply its successor. "A Leader of Men" has failed to attract at the Comedy, and "Sowing the Wind" is to be revived until a new piece is ready. During the whole of the week influenza has been rampant among the theatrical profession. The Criterion, indeed, has been obliged to close its doors, as all the principals were incapacitated. Mr. Irving has been recruiting at Bournemouth, and will reappear in "King Arthur" to-morrow night. Miss Winifred Emery has suffered a relapse, to the sincere regret of every playgoer. Her condition is again causing grave anxiety. It has been a week of universal illness, and very few people have escaped unscathed.

LONDON, 1 March, 1895.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Boston Letter

THE LOAN COLLECTION OF WOMEN'S PORTRAITS, which opened last night in Boston, is said by those who saw both to surpass the exhibition held in New York, last fall, there being an unprecedented showing here of Copleys, Stuarts and other famous artists for whom Bostonians of former days so freely sat. I did not count them, but am told that there are 51 pictures by Stuart and 40 by Copley, among the latter being the "Mrs. Hay," painted in 1780. I understand, by the way, that an insurance of \$400,000 has been placed on the exhibition. Titian's "Portrait of a Lady," owned by the estate of F. G. Abbot, undoubtedly leads the list in value, although the Gordigiani of 1750, owned by Alden Sampson, is an expensive treasure. Trumbull, Staigg, Sully, Porter, Scheffer, Peale, La Farge, Greuse, Harding, Whistler, Allston, Alexander, Fuller, Hunt, Van Dyck, Titian, Gainsborough, Reynolds,—but it is useless to go through the list; scores of noted portrait-painters of the past and the present are represented. At five dollars a ticket, it may well be imagined that the gathering on the opening night was very exclusive. Mr. Martin Brimmer did not receive the notable visitors, and the Governor was absent, but his Staff and the Mayor were present. Frederick P. Vinton is Chairman of the Artists' Committee; he exhibits here a notable portrait of Mrs. Vinton, painted by himself. I must speak, also, of the "Dorothy Q" portrait owned by Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes. That portrait is held in such high esteem, from every point of view, that it has proved impossible for the newspapers to obtain a picture of it, the Judge pleasantly but firmly declining to allow its use. If I am not mistaken, a copyright claim is attached to the portrait, in some way, which prevents reproduction. But one man's face is to be found on the walls of the hall—Longfellow's. As his portrait was painted on the same canvas with his daughter's, the latter's face could not be used without exhibiting also the picture of the father.

While the pictures of old age being shown in Boston, the students at Harvard and at Tufts are preparing to show the stage-characters of old. At Tufts College, some time in May, the play of "Ralph Roister Doister," written by Nicholas Udall during the sixteenth century, and claimed to be the first English comedy known, will be presented with a cast made up from the upper classmen of the College, under the direction of the head of the English Department, Prof. D. L. Maulsby. At Harvard Ben Jonson's "Silent Women" will be brought out under the auspices of the English Department, the stage and other theatrical accompaniments being arranged after the Elizabethan style. Students of Franklin H. Sargent's New York Academy of the Dramatic Arts

will sustain the various characters, but the production will be in charge of Profs. Child and Kittredge, and Mr. George P. Baker of the English Department. So much interest is felt in the matter at Harvard that preliminary lectures have been arranged, to give the students a better understanding of the play and its epoch.

At Wellesley College, a matter of a different kind is just now interesting people. Perhaps it is not fair to connect Wellesley officially with the matter, so I will explain the story from the beginning. Recently friends of the institution began to receive "chain of letters" requests, fashioned after the one used by the woman who sought to collect a million stamps and completely flooded the poor postmaster of a little village. Each receiver of a letter was asked to assist the Wellesley Gymnasium, and to send a similar letter to two or three of his friends, asking them in turn, not only to give, but also to repeat the system by sending to two or three of their friends. Responses were to be mailed to a prominent director of a national bank, who is one of the warmest supporters of Wellesley. Of course, this scheme was received with disapprobation by the newspapers as well as by many friends of the College, and, the matter having been called to the attention of the acting President, Julia J. Irvine, she responded in a note which reads partly as follows:—"The appearance of this article in the newspapers is the first intimation that the College has received of the existence of the second circular with its puerile 'chain of letters' scheme. We have no reason to suppose that it was authorized by the Visiting Committee, as is implied in the printed article; and we have no knowledge of the person who asks that subscriptions be sent to him in our behalf." Of course, the gentleman referred to in the last part of the note felt annoyed at such a turn of affairs, but simply said that he had been asked to allow the use of his name and had consented. Then the Chairman of the Visiting Committee of the College, a prominent physician, came forth with an explanation stating that the "geometrical letter," as he termed it, had been authorized by him and that he had requested the bank director to act as treasurer. "I had not considered it necessary," he added, "to ask the consent of the College officers, and if I exceeded my authority, it must be attributed to my zeal in the worthy cause." There the matter now lies.

Capt. William H. Thomes, who died suddenly last week in Boston; was probably better known to the sons of *Critic* readers than to the readers themselves, for his books were essentially boys' stories, although rather exciting for young people. He had been a rover in his youth, going to sea at the age of fifteen. He served in the Mexican War against his countrymen, having been forced into the service by the Mexican Government, dug for gold in Australia for several years, lived in the forecabin of an African slaver, and passed many a year of adventure in South America and China. Little wonder, then, that he had a goodly store of adventurous reminiscences to draw upon for "The Gold Hunters of Australia," "A Slaver's Adventures," "The Bush Rangers," "Running the Blockade," etc. I am told that nearly 50,000 copies of "The Gold Hunters" have been sold, while his other works range from that down to 30,000, so that he was most assuredly a successful author. At one time he was the publisher and editor of *Ballou's Monthly*. He was, also, the founder of "The 49ers," an organization of the gold-hunters who went from New England to California at the outbreak of the gold fever. At the time of his death Capt. Thomes owned one of the best collections of book-plates in this country.

BOSTON, 12 March, 1895.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

Chicago Letter

AFTER THE EASE AND COMFORT of life in Mexico, the warm, sunny days, the beautiful, cool nights, it is difficult to adapt oneself to the dampness of the Chicago atmosphere and the restless activity of its hurrying life. Infected necessarily by the languorous indolence of the Mexicans and their picturesque indifference to time, I returned to the north with the idea that some of this delightful leisure could be profitably introduced into our Western civilization. Where was the need of this hurry and excitement, exhausting our nervous energy before its time, when all things might be accomplished so much more quietly? From the far south, even siestas in the middle of the day did not seem to be an impossibility in any existence, but I only had to reach Chicago to realize that here they were totally incongruous. Indolence became at once a myth and leisure an abstraction. No one can saunter here without being jostled by the crowd. The current is too strong for any individual to stand against it, and, though one's intentions may be of the best, he is inevitably engulfed. It is interesting,

though, this strenuous city of ours, which is always evolving new phases and surprising qualities. There is nothing monotonous about its life or its character, and one never knows where to look for its next development. It astonished our English visitors, and ourselves as well, the other night, by the superb reception it gave to Henrik Ibsen's "Enemy of the People." The play was performed for the first time in America by Mr. Beerbohm Tree and his company; but with a singular lack of faith in the discretion of the public it was reserved for the close of the engagement and put on then, apparently more as an experiment than with any expectation of success. But the enthusiasm was of a kind not easily provoked in an American audience. The house was keenly appreciative throughout, and after the third act it fairly rose to the play, shouting and cheering with magnificent fire. The chief actors were called out four or five times, and so intense was the excitement that the gallery actually hissed the hypocritical Burgomaster when he appeared before the curtain. Mr. Tree, who seemed somewhat bewildered by the enthusiasm, was forced to make a speech, in which he thanked the audience for the great reception it had given to Ibsen's play. And, indeed, it was an eloquent commentary upon the reiterated complaint of managers that good work is not appreciated, for this enthusiasm came from the same public that was cold to the inane vulgarities of "A Bunch of Violets." It was only a straw, perhaps, but it indicated that if great dramas can only be brought to the people, they are ready to receive them. And it reminds us, moreover, of the possibility suggested in this letter a few weeks ago that "we may be on the eve of a great dramatic epoch," that the twentieth century may find its voice upon the stage.

It helps, too, to dispose of the assertion that Ibsen is a writer for the closet and not for the stage, for it showed his mastery of stage mechanism, of stage illusions. The illuminating effect of the performance upon the play, fine as it seemed in the reading, was extraordinary. It gave form and substance to a shadow. It showed the reasons for sudden changes in dialogue and revealed unperceived subtleties. The play ceased to be elliptical and became direct, coherent, logical and inevitable. The element of chance fell away from it, and one saw that under these conditions of character and circumstance, the action must be thus and not otherwise. It was life, condensed and concentrated—one of those small, piteous episodes that become colossal in their appeal to humanity. The characters are types, possible not alone to Norway, but to any section of the civilized modern world. They are evolved through natural processes and express elemental emotions, yet they are moderns every inch of them. It is of the civilization of the latter end of the nineteenth century that they speak in terse, trenchant, sombre eloquence. Therefore it is a great compliment to say of Mr. Tree and his company that they were manifestly equal to the situation. The significance of the minor characters was in almost every case grasped by the actors, who gave an evenly intelligent performance. And Mr. Tree himself never did a better piece of work than in his interpretation of Dr. Stockman. It was an unusual opportunity for the display of his ability, for the Doctor is no lay-figure. He has natural weaknesses and passions, but he is strong and fearless, and masculine, and his development is the legitimate result of his character and environment. It was an inexpressible relief to see a play of this kind upon the stage after the unnatural atrocities that usually degrade the sacred name of art. In the beginning of the fourth act, where the enemies of Dr. Stockman try to keep him from addressing the crowd, Mr. Tree showed his surprise and impatience with much skill and discretion; and in the great dramatic scene that followed, in which he attacked the wisdom of the masses, the house was thrilled by the magnetism of the actor's personality and the intensity of his enthusiasm. He brought out most adroitly the beauty of the doctor's character and its enrichment under adversity; and it would be hard to find a situation more melancholy and more inspiring than the close of the play with the doctor's announcement of his latest discovery, that "the strongest man upon earth is he who stands most alone."

The king is dead! Long live the king! The successful concert season came to a brilliant close on Saturday, and the reign of Italian opera in Chicago began last evening. This, in turn, will give place to the German opera, and then, probably, we shall go hungry for music until next fall. Our appetite for pictures is being satisfied chiefly in the Art Institute at present, though Durand-Ruel has sent some fine old English paintings to the Palmer House. The gay collection of posters at the *Evening Post* building is attracting large crowds; and the Inness pictures at the Institute, gathered chiefly from Chicago collections, show that we, too, appreciated the beauty of this artist's work.—Mr. James W.

Scott, who has for many years been the publisher of the *Herald* of this city, recently purchased both that paper and the *Times*, uniting them under the name of the *Times-Herald*. The individuality of the *Times*, which the late Wilbur F. Storey made famous, is entirely lost, and thus its success and its failures have come at last to an end.—Mr. Eugene Field is wandering about the old curiosity-shops of New Orleans, looking eagerly for treasures which his collection does not yet contain. He is popular there, and at a reception given to him by Mrs. Molly More Davis, the writer of Southern tales and sketches, his artistic readings were received with enthusiasm.

CHICAGO, 12 March, 1895.

LUCY MONROE.

The Fine Arts

M. Raffaelli on the New School

M. JEAN FRANÇOIS RAFFAELLI spoke on "Modern Art in France: the School of 1830 and the New Movement Called Impressionism," at the American Art Galleries on the evening of March 12. He defended the modern school against the charge that it only paints what is ugly, and stated that "the centre of beauty has been shifted." The Greek ideal of physical beauty has



been lost, and in its stead there can be but one beauty—intellectual and moral beauty. "There is not a man of intelligence among us, who, if his intelligence were at stake, would not prefer Littré's ape-like head to the head of Apollo." "As for our subjects," he concluded, "we get them anywhere. Up until the present time art has not concerned itself with the common people. It is time to escape from all old mistaken notions. The one study of man is all his character, in all his actions. We have been called impressionists. The term is bad. Let me coin a word to supplant it—characterists. If the word impressionist applies to the man who paints what he sees around him; who paints what animates and interests him; who desires to show the beauty in his fellow-men, and to lift up the lowly—then we are impressionists." The accompanying portrait of M. Raffaelli was reproduced by the *Tribune* from the frontispiece of the catalogue of the Abbey-Raffaelli exhibition.

Portraits of Women Writers

PERHAPS THE MOST remarkable feature of the Exhibition of Engraved Portraits of Women Writers from Sappho to George Eliot, open at the Grolier Club until March 23, is the great variety of portraits shown. How difficult it must have been to make so wide and a choice will be seen when we consider the comparative rarity of collectors of engravings of this kind. Again, while the portraits of some women writers are almost numberless,

those of others are practically unobtainable. Of Mary Stuart, for instance (who is here admitted in her capacity as poet), there are enough different portraits to have filled all the cases of this exhibition, while of Jane Austen there are but two known to exist, only one of them being considered authentic beyond the shadow of a doubt. Occasional recourse has been had, therefore, to Walpole's "Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors," the portraits of most of whom have come down to us, if not their fame. As it is, Mr. J. O. Wright, who planned this exhibition and carried it to its present interesting reality, has abundant reason to feel repaid for the infinity of trouble he must needs have taken. The catalogue contains no fewer than 367 portraits, a considerable number of which are fine examples of the art of engraving. The fancy portraits of Sappho after Raphael and after ancient gems and coins do not include the oldest, a black-figured vase-drawing, which, at least, is probably correct as to the costume. There are good copper-plates of Juliana Morella in witch's hat and cloak; of Vittoria Colonna, fat and comfortable-looking, engraved by De Larmessin; and of Lady Jane Grey, after Esmé de Boulonois. Mention should be made, also, of Kneller's Duchess of Marlborough, engraved by Houbraken, excellent line engravings of Anne Killegrew, by Blooteling, and Mme. de Graffigny, by Levesque. Several portraits of Queen Elizabeth and Mary Stuart are shown, and the phalanx of famous Frenchwomen is led by Marguerite de Valois. There is a portrait of Mme. de Maintenon, painted by Miquard, and engraved by Leroux; and several of Mmes. de Sévigné, Scudéri, La Fayette, Roland, de Stael and others. Of interest are four portraits of Anne Boleyn, because they were painted by Holbein. One of them has the additional attraction of having been engraved by J. Houbraken.

How truly democratic is the Republic of Letters is brilliantly demonstrated by the fact that Queen Victoria, at various periods in her life, occupies the same case with the frontispiece portrait of a copy of the "Poems on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral," by Phillis Wheatley, "Negro Servant to Mr. John Wheatley, of Boston in New England"—to us one of the most interesting numbers of the exhibition. The step from Phillis Wheatley to Queen Victoria brings us down to the period of George Eliot, and we find good examples of modern steel-engraving in Mary Lamb's motherly countenance, looking out from the frill of her white cap ornamented by two bunches of dark ribbons immediately above two masses of dark curls, and in two portraits of George Sand, in one of which she is young and sprightly, in the other older, with drooping eyelids. Maclise's well-known sketch of Harriet Martineau cooking something in a saucepan, while her cat, mounted on her shoulder, rubs its head against hers, and his more studied drawing, engraved by Forrest, of the sentimental Letitia Elizabeth Landon, are shown; George Eliot, in profile, a facial line absolutely straight, by S. A. Schoff, and the better-known etching by Rajon; Opie's pretty portrait of Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin; that by Sir Thomas Lawrence of Fanny Kemble; and an India proof of the portrait of Christina Rossetti lately printed in *The Critic*, also deserve mention. The exhibition is interesting for more serious reasons than its novelty, and will surely be appreciated by all that visit it.

The Loan Collection of Madonnas

THIS EXHIBITION, held at the Durand-Ruel Galleries on March 7-9, brought together many charming and curious works of art, ancient and modern—paintings, reliefs, engravings, enamels, all sorts and sizes, from early German and Italian altar-pieces to a silver coin of Bavaria with the Madonna and Child on the reverse. Dagnan-Bouveret's "Virgin of the Rose" might be compared with a yet more naive "Holy Family," attributed to Dürer, and which is, at least, a valuable example of his period; and the transparent gloom of Mr. Guy Rose's "Flight into Egypt," with the opaque blackness of the Dutch "Holy Family," belonging to Mr. Alexander W. Drake; and Mr. Carroll Beckwith's pretty water-color of a "Flight into Egypt" through a green American pasture, with a Madonna and Child "attributed to Memling," and showing a prim mediæval landscape with its neat little trees and towers between the Virgin's red robe and the dark pillars of the cloister in which she is standing. There were barbarous Russian and Byzantine icons (one with a handsome frame and "glory" of enamelled silver, owned by Mrs. Anson P. Atterbury), and a few beautiful old Italian reliefs in stucco, lent by Mr. Thomas B. Clarke. There were Spanish embroideries, an altar-front of Cordovan stamped leather with the Madonna and St. Christopher in the centre; copies, good and bad—mostly bad,—and undoubted originals by painters unknown in their day or ours. Also, a "Raphael,"

which, judging by the photograph that accompanied it, must have been "restored" beyond recognition—that is, supposing that anything like the photograph is underneath the present painting. If so, it might be well to restore that to the surface. Mr. Stanford White had a number of interesting old Renaissance frames of architectural design in wood and plaster, some of them enclosing paintings or reliefs as interesting, and a life-size marble relief, cut and tinted like a cameo. Majolica reliefs with colored glazes were shown by Mr. Thomas B. Clarke and Mr. Henri O. Watson; a curious triangular relief in terra-cotta, with figures of the Virgin and Child, and St. John, intended to serve as a bell-pull, by Mr. Otto Heinigke; old Spanish enamels on glass, by Mrs. Richard M. Hunt; a collection of silver finger-rings with the Madonna chased on them, by Mr. A. W. Drake; and old and modern Brittany statuettes in colored faience, by Mr. Richard Hoe Lawrence, Mr. Henry C. Lawrence and Miss Frances V. Stevens. The collection of engravings was large and excellent, including many fine specimens by the greatest masters of the art.

Art Notes

THERE ARE many things at the International Exposition of Costume at the Madison Square Garden that one would hardly expect to find there. There is a collection of Napoleonic odds and ends, a display of English furniture, East Indian stuffs and embroideries, painted tapestries and wax-works to equal Mrs. Jarley's. A small proportion of these figures at the farthest end of the big building are dressed in all the styles of the past, from the pointed hat and long veil of the mediæval dame to the new Greek costume of the first years of the century. But the great majority illustrate the most recent adaptations of these obsolete fashions, and the figures inside the glass cases are not unfrequently reproduced by those without. Perhaps the most interesting thing, apart from the modern evening dresses, is the exhibit of the processes of silk-worm raising, and the winding and reeling of the silk from the cocoon. The exhibition is given under the auspices of the Young Women's Christian Association and the St. James Mission.

—Prof. William H. Goodyear, M.A., will sail for Europe on April 30 to make additional surveys for his forthcoming work on "Optical Refinements, Perspective Illusions and Symmetrophobia in Mediæval Architecture." He announces that he has already discovered the existence of perspective illusions in the construction of not less than 42 mediæval cathedrals. The work will be published by subscription.

—Those who wish to understand present tendencies in art should not miss seeing the Manet exhibition now open at the Durand-Ruel galleries. Among the portraits in the collection are those of Rochefort, the actors Faure and Rouvière, and of the late Mme. Berthe Morisot.

—Walter Hugh Paton, the Scotch painter, who died on March 9, was born at Dunfermline, Fifeshire, on July 27, 1828. He began life as a designer for table linen in the antiquary shop of his father, and began his career as a painter in 1851, landscape being his chosen field. He was equally successful in water-colors and in oils. He was a Scottish Academician, a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, an honorary member of the Liverpool Society of Water-Color Painters, and a member of the Royal Scottish Society of Water-Color Painters. He was a brother of the painter and poet, Sir Joseph Noel Paton. Among his best-known works are "The Raven's Hollow," "Rome from the Pincian Hill," "The Bridge of Boats at Cologne," and the water-color drawing of "Holy Rood Palace and Edinburgh from the Queen's Park," painted by command of the Queen.

—The Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, opened an exhibition of posters on March 14, to be continued until next Friday. Among the contributing artists and collectors are George B. de Forest, A. Jaccaci, George Wharton Edwards, Edward Penfield, A. Duprat and Stone & Kimball. Poster exhibitions have been held this year in this city at the Grolier and Union League Clubs, at the Brooklyn Union League Club, in Boston and Buffalo; and just now one is being held at Chicago, as noticed in *The Critic's* Chicago Letter, last week.

—Mr. Keppel's exhibition of the etchings mentioned by the late Philip G. Hamerton in his "Etching and Etchers" contains fine proofs of Rembrandt, Adrian van Ostade, Claude Lorrain, Callot, Meryon, Jongkind, Maxime Lalanne, Jules Jacquemart, Chiffart, Turner, Whistler and other ancient and modern etchers. The exhibition closes on March 16, and will be followed by one of drawings by and prints after Daniel Vierge.

—"Gen." di Cesnola has succeeded in forcing Prof. William R. Ware's resignation from the Board of Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum, on which he was the sole representative of Columbia College. Prof. Ware was one of those who opposed Cesnola's reelection as Secretary for the coming year.

—A loan exhibition of specimens of religious art will be held from March 25 to April 6 at the Tiffany establishment in Fourth Avenue for the benefit of the Chapel of St. Gabriel at Peekskill, N. Y. The collection will consist of religious paintings and of objects illustrative of the growth and history of Christian art, and of the ceremonial of the Christian churches.

The Drama

Mrs. Langtry in "Gossip"

THIS NEW COMEDY, written by Clyde Fitch and Leo Dietrichstein for Mrs. Langtry, and produced by that actress at Palmer's Theatre, does not require prolonged or very careful comment. The fact that one or two of the scenes were suggested by a novel of Jules Claretie adds little or nothing to its literary or dramatic value. As it stands, the piece tells an old story in trite and conventional fashion. The principal personage is a cosmopolitan Count, of Russian, French and English extraction, who fell in love with an heiress in New York, but feared to propose marriage lest he should be considered an adventurer. Years later, in the first act, he meets his fair enslaver on the beach at Trouville and, being now rich himself, at once renews his suit. The lady admits that she reciprocates his passion, but, unhappily, there is an impediment in the shape of her husband, Mr. Stanford. The Count is staggered, for Stanford is his best friend and once saved his life, but he does not allow himself to be influenced by such trifling considerations, and pursues the fair one with redoubled ardor. In the end Mrs. Stanford, angered by her husband's remonstrance against her obvious flirtation, writes and posts a letter in which she agrees to elope. Then she repents and appeals to her friend Mrs. Barry, who has been divorced and remarried, for assistance. The latter visits the Count's room to recover the compromising letter, and while there is surprised by her husband and Stanford. At this juncture, the one dramatic passage in the play, there is an effective scene for the men, and while they are high in dispute Mrs. Barry secures the coveted note. Here all interest ceases, and a little later the play ends in general happiness and reconciliation. Mrs. Langtry has acquired a good deal of technical skill, but the flippant and skittish manner which she affects in this play does not become her. She exhibited both intelligence and feeling, however, in the scene where she represents to Mrs. Stanford the folly and danger of the course she is pursuing. Mr. Plympton enacted the Count with force and fervor, infusing his own vigor into some pretentious but essentially feeble dialogue. Mr. Richman, Miss Effie Shannon and Mr. Pigott played secondary parts with satisfactory results. The piece is badly overweighted by small talk—most of it of the smallest kind—and suffers, also, from loose and imperfect construction, but it is generally cheerful in tone and should afford moderate entertainment for the remainder of the Lenten season.

Oscar Wilde's "An Ideal Husband"

THERE are conspicuous merits and equally conspicuous faults in Mr. Wilde's new comedy, which Mr. Frohman has produced at the Lyceum Theatre. Though founded upon old lines, the story is new and often ingenious in its details, and up to a certain point is told with cleverness and force, some of the situations being exceedingly effective; but the climax is spoiled by a violent and clumsy expedient, and the concluding act tapers off into insignificance.

Sir Robert Chiltern, the hero, is a brilliant young diplomat, whose genius for affairs is supposed to be equalled only by his personal integrity. To his wife he stands as the embodiment of all the virtues. She is above all things proud of his fine consistency and is always boasting of his incorruptibility. But there is a fly in his ointment, nevertheless. In his youth he sold to a great financier the secret of the sale of Suez Canal shares to the British Government, and thus laid the foundation of his fortunes. Unluckily for him, the letter in which he conveyed this information has fallen, by what means is not explained, into the hands of an adventuress, Mrs. Cheveley, who appears at his own house, and threatens to expose and ruin him if he does not consent to give his support to an Argentine canal scheme which he has denounced already as a swindle. He makes a stubborn fight for honor, but yields in the end, promising to suppress the unfavorable report

which he has prepared, in return for the surrender of the compromising letter. When his wife hears of this change of sentiment, however, she instantly suspects Mrs. Cheveley, whom she has known of old, and questions him so closely that he has no resource left but confession or defiance. He chooses the latter, withdraws his promise to Mrs. Cheveley and proceeds to the House of Commons to denounce the Argentine scheme with what he expects to be his last political breath. All this part of the play is well planned and vigorously written. The next morning Mrs. Cheveley calls upon Lady Chiltern, and, being snubbed, revenges herself by frankly revealing her relations with Sir Robert. This is another good scene. Her next step is to visit the house of Lord Goring, Sir Robert's most intimate friend, to whom she was once engaged to be married, for the purpose of making him a matrimonial offer on her own account, the fatal letter to be her dower. Goring declines the proposal with vehemence, and the adventuress avows her intention of proceeding to extremities at once, when she is suddenly brought to terms by the charge that she had stolen a certain diamond bracelet which she dropped accidentally in Chiltern's house. The weakness and clumsiness of this expedient are so obvious that it is not necessary to dwell upon them. Of course, no woman of such character, holding so strong a hand, would throw down her cards upon the production of this one little trump, but Mr. Wilde does not seem to see the absurdity of the proposition, and risks the entire dramatic situation upon it. With this episode the real interest of the piece comes to an end, although there is another act for the clearing up of minor complications.

The performance at the Lyceum is in most respects uncommonly good. Stephen Grattan plays Chiltern with dignity, subtlety and full comprehension, and, in the scene of confession to his wife, with genuine passion. He won the chief triumph of the evening. Rhoda Cameron, also, made a hit as Mrs. Cheveley, playing the part with admirable audacity, vindictiveness, mental acuteness and sensuous charm. Mr. Kelcey as an indolent, cynical but shrewd and honorable young nobleman was perfectly well suited, and Mr. Le Moyne furnished a delightful sketch of a selfish old peer. Miss Irving, as the heroine, was weak, and Mrs. Walcot, as a fashionable chatterbox, altogether too shrill and self-conscious. All the other parts were well played. As to the literary quality of the piece, that is as uneven as the dramatic construction. Some of the dialogue is really witty, some of it is admirably direct, clear and vigorous, and a great deal of it mere shallowness and impertinence with a momentary sparkle that is almost wholly illusory. As a whole, however, the entertainment is certainly worth seeing and hearing.

Notes

MR. JAMES LANE ALLEN has been in New York this winter, at work on the longest story he has yet undertaken—a matter of some 40,000 words. It will be finished a month hence; and its publication, in either a magazine or a number of newspapers, will begin in June. Mr. Allen has kept to the ground he is most familiar with, the scene of "Butterflies: a Tale According to Nature" being laid chiefly in the meadows of Kentucky. The story may be described as a realistic pastoral, in which a delicate subject is treated frankly, though not without delicacy. Mr. Allen has just returned to the South. Hereafter he will divide his time between Kentucky and New York, spending his winters in this city.

—T. Y. Crowell & Co. have in preparation a book on "Shakespeare's Heroines," by Charles E. L. Wingate, *The Critic's* Boston correspondent. The author's design has been to give a sketch of the impersonations of the leading characters in Shakespeare's tragedies and comedies by noted players, from the days of their first production under Shakespeare's personal supervision down to the present time. Numerous anecdotes will illustrate the characteristics of the players and the serious and amusing features of their interpretations. Mr. Wingate has written on Shakespearian subjects for several years, among his work being several articles that appeared in *The Cosmopolitan*.

—Mr. Marion Crawford has written a story of Italian life, entitled "Adam Johnson's Son," for *The Illustrated London News*, to commence in April. The scene is laid at Amalfi, and the story will be profusely illustrated by an artist who was sent to Italy for the purpose of making sketches on the spot.

—Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have just published "Select Passages from Ancient Writers Illustrative of the History of Greek Sculpture," by H. Stuart Jones, Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford.

They announce that the next volume of Mrs. Garnett's translation of Tourguéneff will be "On the Eve," and that they have in preparation "Louis Agassiz: His Life, Letters and Works," by Jules Marcou, the last surviving European naturalist who accompanied Agassiz to this country. "The Ralstons," by the way, has gone into its second English edition.

—Longmans, Green & Co. have just published "The Virgin Mother: Retreat Addresses on the Life of the Blessed Virgin Mary as Told in the Gospels, with an Appended Essay on the Virgin Birth of Our Lord Jesus Christ," by the Bishop of Vermont. They announce, further, "The Sacramental System Considered as the Extension of the Incarnation," by Morgan Dix, S. T. D., D. C. L.; "The Final Passover: a Series of Meditations upon the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ," by the Rev. R. M. Benson, M. A.; and "The Life of Love: a Course of Lenten Lectures," by Canon Body.

—Prof. Norton's forthcoming collection of Lowell's poems will contain several that have never been printed. The collection will have as its frontispiece a new etched portrait of the poet.

—*Scribner's Magazine* for April will contain a series of full-page pictures of Easter scenes in England, Paris, New York and Jerusalem, by Edwin A. Abbey, Albert Lynch, W. T. Smedley and Edwin Lord Weeks. Andrew Lang will write of "Prince Charlie." Mrs. Ward's short story will begin in the May number. Its plot rests on "an unexpected temptation to the honesty" of a woman of the English working-classes, which "lays the foundation for a series of strongly imagined complications, which are faithful in rendering the moral point of view and ways of thought of the people described."

—In our review of "The Purple Light of Love," on March 2, Mr. McVickar, the illustrator, was accused of being the author. That awful responsibility belongs to Mr. H. G. McVickar. We should have recollected that the illustrator's second initial is W.

—Two Bodley Headsmen are coming to America—Aubrey Beardsley and his publisher, John Lane.

—D. Appleton & Co. are issuing a book on evolution in its application to the religious and political life of the day, with illustrations drawn from recent events in New York. The author, Mr. Edmond Kelly, tries to show that the evolution of to-day is differentiated from the evolution that preceded the advent of man by the factor of conscious effort. "Evolution and Effort" is the title.

—Miss Louise Imogen Guiney's first attempt in fiction will be published in Boston, at an early date, in the form of a bundle of short stories.

—Napoleon has proved a great success in an American magazine ere now: in 1851 *Harper's* began the serial publication of John S. C. Abbott's "History of Napoleon Bonaparte," which lasted three years and was received with unmistakable indications of public favor.

—A "Reading from Trilby," with music, is announced by Mrs. Isabel Hodgson for March 19 at 3 P. M., at the Hotel Brunswick.

—"The Life and Letters of the Late Prof. E. A. Freeman" will soon be published. The work, we are told, will contain much information concerning Mr. Freeman's career and methods of work, gleaned from diaries and other private papers. Many of the letters selected for publication are addressed to eminent scholars and statesmen, European and American.

—The American Authors' Guild will give an Authors' Easter Reading on the evening of April 20 at Carnegie Hall, in aid of its Benevolent Fund for the benefit of widows and orphans. The following members of the Guild have promised to read:—Julia Ward Howe, James T. Trowbridge, the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, Louise Chandler Moulton, Col. Richard Malcolm Johnson, Mme. Lanza, Richard Henry Stoddard, Edmund C. Stedman, F. Hopkinson Smith, Stephen Massett, Prof. Boyesen and Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

—The American Committee on the Carlyle House Purchase Fund met on March 7 in the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce. Bishop Potter was elected Chairman, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, Treasurer, and Mr. Phillips Smalley, Secretary.

—A new edition of Balzac's works is announced by Macmillan & Co. It will be under the direct editorship of Mr. George Saintsbury, who, in addition to writing a full introduction to the series and shorter introductions to each novel, will supervise the entire translation. The edition will be illustrated with etchings.

—Ginn & Co. have in press Gibbon's "Memoirs," edited, with introduction and notes, by Oliver Farrar Emerson, A. M., Ph. D.

—The American Committee of the Tennyson Memorial Fund desires to add \$1000 to the amount already contributed by admirers of the dead poet among us. The cost of the Iona Cross to be erected on the cliffs of the Isle of Wight is \$6000, two-thirds of which amount have been subscribed. Contributions may be sent to Mrs. James T. Fields, 148 Charles St., Boston.

—Mr. R. H. Sherard, the biographer of Zola and Daudet, is engaged on an authorized life of Sarah Bernhardt. Mr. Sherard, by the way, is a great-grandson of William Wordsworth.

—The leading article of the March *Harvard Graduates Magazine* is devoted to the late Robert Charles Winthrop, whose portrait forms the frontispiece of the number. The article is by the eloquent educator and Congressman, William Everett, class of '59. Of interest, also, is A. McF. Davis's paper on Thomas Hollis, one of Harvard's early benefactors.

—Rudyard Kipling's new *Jungle Book* will be ready in the fall.

—The fourth volume of Prof. J. B. McMaster's "History of the People of the United States" is to be published soon by D. Appleton & Co. It opens with the repeal of the British Orders in Council and the close of the armistice concluded just before the surrender of Hull, and takes up the story of the second war for independence. Special chapters are given to military and naval operations, and the hostility of New England to the war, the desperate straits of the Government for money and men, the suffering of the people, the last embargo, the Conscription Bill and the Hartford Convention are treated at great length. The latter part of the volume treats of our economic conditions after the conclusion of peace.

—The Duc de Noailles, who died in Paris on March 7, was well known as a writer on political and economic subjects, and a constant contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the *Journal des Économistes*.

—A new volume of poems by Eric Mackay, author of the "Love-Letters of a Violinist," will soon be published in England.

—Merrill & Baker announce an illustrated cabinet edition of the works of George Eliot (together with the "Life" by J. W. Cross), in 20 volumes, with 120 etchings and photo-etchings. The volumes will be sold separately, also, and there will be a large-paper edition. Among the illustrators are F. S. Church, F. T. Merrill, W. St. John Harper, J. Wells Champney and Edmund H. Garrett.

—A collection of over 4000 early and modern American, English and Canadian book-plates was on exhibition at Brentano's on March 14, 15 and 16. A notice of the collection will be given in next week's *Critic*.

The Free Parliament

Communications must be accompanied by the names and addresses of correspondents, not necessarily for publication. In referring to any question, correspondents are requested to give its number.

ANSWERS

1773.—José Ribera—Il Spagnoletto, 1588-1656—was of Caravaggio's school, called "Il Naturalisti," whose treatment of subjects was marked by freedom, vigor and coarseness, as opposed to conventional, academic rules. His principal pictures are at Naples, but there are some in Rome and Florence. Salvator Rosa and Guercino were his pupils. He executed 20 etchings, which are thought well of. That of St. Bartholomew being flayed alive, Mrs. Jameson says, "was a congenial theme for that dark, ferocious spirit, Ribera." I have never met anyone who cared much for his pictures.

PHILADELPHIA.

E. M. L.

[A similar answer has been received from F. P. F., Columbus, O.]

1774.—"Sometime and Somewhere." The verse given by W. B. H. is one of the four verses of "Unanswered; or, Sometime, Somewhere," by Robert Browning. It was published as a song (music by J. W. Bischoff) in 1889 by the John Church Co.

CINCINNATI, O.

M. E. A.

[No such poem can be found in any edition of Browning, and it is quite certain that he did not write it.—EDS. THE CRITIC.]

1776.—I entered in my copy of Mallock's "New Republic" the names of the different personages represented, from what, at that time, I considered authority, but have forgotten it now. "Luke" is Matthew Arnold; "Rose," Walter H. Pater; "Lord Allen,"

Lord Rosebery; "Sugden," Dr. Pusey; "Herbert," Ruskin; "Storks," Huxley; "Stockton," Tyndall; "Jenkinson," Prof. Jowett; "Saunders," Prof. W. K. Clifford; "Leslie," Mr. Harding; "Lawrence," I understood, represented one who tells the account of the meetings, etc. The other characters are "Lady Grace," Mrs. Mark Pattison; "Donald Gordon," Carlyle; "Mrs. Sinclair," Mrs. Singleton (Violet Fane, to whom the book is inscribed); and "Miss Merton," Miss Froude.

NEW YORK

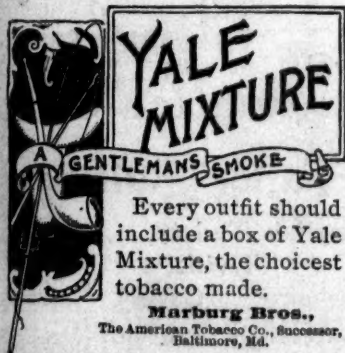
W. B. H.

[Similar answers come from R. W. H., Jr., New York, L. S., Morristown, N. J., and C. E. W. O., Boston, who add, "Seydon is Dr. Pusey." C. E. W. O. states further that the list of the characters and their originals was reprinted by the publishers in the edition of 1878 from a review of the book in the periodical *London*.]

Publications Received

Aiken, G. A. The Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. 3 vols. \$3.
Ames, J. G. Comprehensive Index of Publications of the U. S. Government.
Bailey, H. M. On the Chafing Dish. 50c.
Bangs, J. K. The Idiot. \$1.
Billings and Hurd. Suggestions to Hospital Visitors. 50c.
Boardman, Samuel L. Handbook of the Turf.
Breckenridge, R. M. Canadian Banking System. \$1.50.
Collins, C. C. Abraham Lincoln. 50c.
Collins, Mabel. Suggestion. 50c.
Colvin, J. R. Rulers of India. 60c.
Davis, Noah K. Elements of Inductive Logic. \$1.
Davis, R. H. The Princess Alice. \$1.25.
Denny, J. Studies in Theology.
Dowling, M. M. Gallia. \$1.
E. L. L. Life and Dreams.
Faraday, M. Lectures on the Chemical History of a Candle.
Flagg, E. O. Poems. \$1.25.
Four American Universities. \$3.50.
Gilmour, F. B. A Forgotten Debt. \$1.

Green, J. R. A Short History of the English People. Vol. IV. \$6. Harper & Bros.
Hearn, Lafcadio. Out of the East. \$1.25.
Hugo, Victor. The Hunchback of Notre-Dame. 50c.
Hume, Ferguson. The Black Carnation. 50c.
Huss, G. M. Rational Building. \$3.
King, C. R. The Life and Correspondence of Rufus King. 2 vols.
Kuhn, L. O. Selections from the Poetry and Comedies of Alfred De-Musset.
Lewis, E. S. Guernsey: Its People and Dialect.
Life of a Scotch Naturalist.
Linton, E. L. The New Woman.
Loe, J. L. Miss Cherry Blossoms of Tokyo. \$1.25.
Marrat, J. Phet in Search of a Father. \$1.25.
Mentor. Never! 50c.
Nard, Ray. Rita. 50c.
Nevins, J. L. Demon Possession. \$1.50.
Norham, Max. Degeneration.
Partridge, W. O. Technique of Sculpture.
Pemberton, L. B. Sappho.
Roberts, Mokey. The Degradation of Geoffrey Alwith.
Romanes, G. J. Thoughts on Religion. \$1.25.
Ruggles. The Plays of Shakespeare. \$4.
Saint-Pierre, B. de. Paul and Virginia. Tr. by M. B. Anderson.
Sargent, H. H. Napoleon Bonaparte's First Campaign. \$1.50.
Scott, W. Poetical Works. Edited by Andrew Lang. 2 vols. \$2.50.
Seudder, J. W. First Latin Reader. 50c.
Smiles, S. Character.
Smith, G. A. Historical Geography of the Holy Land. 2 vols. \$2.
Smollett, T. Peregrine Pickle. 2 vols. \$2.
Sutton, A. L. Lingua Germana. 2 vols. \$2.
Tabor, B. R. Skepticism Assailed.
Talby, Lord De. Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical. \$2.
Thompson, W. H. The Parables by the Lake. \$1.25.
Tolman, W. H. Municipal Reform Movement. \$1.
Townsend, E. W. "Chimie Fadden," and Other Stories. 50c.
Warden, Florence. Kitty's Engagement.
Wolcott, J. A. Song Blossoms.



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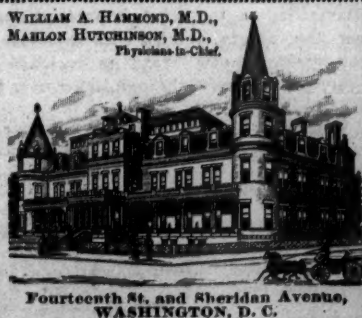
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